THE Lancashire VVitches, AND Tegue o Divelly THE Irish PRIEST.

A

COMEDY

Acted at the

DUKES's Theatre.

Written by *THO. SHADWELL.*

——Nihilo quæ sunt metuenda magis quàm
Quæ pueri in tenebris pavitant, finguntq; futura.

LONDON,

Printed for *Robert Clavell*, *Jonathan Robinson* in St. *Paul's*-Church-Yard, *Awnsham* and *John Churchill* in *Pater-Noster-Row.* 1691.

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TO THE

READER.

FOps and Knaves are the fitteſt Characters for Comedy, and this Town was wont to abound with variety of Vanities and Knaveriès till this unhappy diviſion. But all run now into Politicks, and you muſt needs, if you touch upon any Humour of this time, offend one of the Parties. The Bounds being then ſo narrow, I ſaw there was no ſcope for the writing of an intire Comedy, (wherein the Poet muſt have a reliſh of the preſent time;) and therefore I reſolved to make as good an entertainment as I could, without tying my ſelf up to the ſtrict rules of a Comedy; which was the Reaſon of my introducing of Witches. Yet I will be bold to affirm, that Young Hartfort, Sir Timothy, Smerk, and Tegue O Divelly, are true Comical Characters, and have ſomething new in 'em. And how any of theſe (the Scene being laid in Lancaſhire) could offend any Party here, but that of Papiſts, I could not imagine, till I heard that great oppoſition was deſign'd againſt the Play (a month before it was acted) by a Party, who (being to aſhamed to ſay it was for the ſake of the Iriſh Prieſt) pretended that I had written a Satyr upon the Church of England, and ſeveral profeſt Papiſts railed at it violently, before they had ſeen it, alledging that for a reaſon, ſuch dear Friends they are to our Church. And (notwithſtanding all was put out that could any way be wreſted to an offence againſt the Church) yet they came with the greateſt malice in the World to hiſs it, and many that call'd themſelves Proteſtants, joyn'd with them in that noble enterpriſe.

How ſtrict a ſcrutiny was made upon the Play you may eaſily ſee, for I have in my own vindication Printed it juſt as I firſt writ it; and all that was expunged is Printed in the Italick Letter. All the difference is, that I have now Ordained Smerk, who before was a young Student in Divinity, expecting Orders and to be Chaplain to Sir Edward. The Maſter of the Revels (who I muſt confeſs uſed me civilly enough) Licenc'd it at firſt with little alteration: But there came ſuch an Alarm to him, and a Report that it was full of dangerous reflections, that upon a Review, he expunged all that

you see differently Printed, except about a dozen lines which he struck out at the first reading.

But, for all this, they came resolved to his at it right or wrong, and had gotten mercenary Fellows, who were such Fools they did not know when to hiss and this was evident to all the Audience. It was wonderfull to see men of great Quality and Gentlemen, in so mean a Combination. But to my great satisfaction they came off as meanly as I could wish. I had so numerous an assembly of the best sort of men, who stood so generously in my defence, for the three first days, that they quash'd all the vain attempts of my Enemies, the inconsiderable Party of Hissers yielded, and the Play lived in spight of them.

Had it been never so bad, I had valued the honour of having so many, and such Friends, as eminently appeared for me, above that of excelling the most admirable Johnson, *if it were possible to be done by me.*

Now, for reflecting upon the Church of England, *you will find, by many expressions in the Play, that I intended the contrary. And I am well assured that no Learned, or Wise Divine of the Church will believe me guilty of it. I profess to have a true value and respect for them.*

But they who say that the representation of such a Fool and Knave as Smerk (*who is declared to be an infamous Fellow, not of the Church, but crept into it for a Lively-hood, exposed for his Folly and Knavery, and expell'd the Family*) *should concern or reflect upon the Church of England, do sufficiently abuse it. A foolliſh Lord or Knight is daily represented: nor are there any so silly to believe it an abuse to their Order. Should* Thompson, *or* Mason, *or any Impudent Hotheaded Tantivy Fool be exposed; I am confident that the Sober and the Wise Divines of the Church will be so far from thinking themselves concern'd in it, that they detest them as much as I do.*

Nor should any of the Irish *Nation think themselves concern'd, but* Kelly (*one of the Murderers of Sir* Edmond-Bury Godfrey) *which I make to be his feign'd Name, and* Tegue O Divelly *his true one. For Whores and Priests have several names still.*

Some of the worsted Party of the Hissers were so malicious to make People believe (because I had laid the Scene in Lancashire) *that I had reflected personally on some in that, and in an adjoyning County; which no man, that will give himself leave to think can believe. And I do hereby solemnly declare the contrary, and that it was never once in my Thoughts to do so.*

But

But the Clamours of a Party (who can ſupport themſelves by nothing but falſehood) roſe ſo high, as to report that I had written Sedition and Treaſon, had reflected upon His Majeſty, and that the Scope of the Play was againſt the Government of England; *which are Villanies I abhor, and ſome of the Reporters I believe would not ſtick at. But I am well aſſured they did not believe themſelves, only (out of malice to me) thought if they could bring the report to* Windſor *(which they did) by that means to cauſe the ſilencing the Play, without farther Examination: But they who had the Power, were too juſt for that, and let it live.*

For theſe Reaſons I am forced, in my own Vindication, to Print the whole Play juſt as I writ it (without adding or diminiſhing) as all the Actors who rehears'd it ſo a fortnight together, before it was reviewed, may teſtifie.

For the Magical part, I had no hopes of equalling Shakeſpear *in fancy, who created his Witchcraft for the moſt part out of his own imagination (in which faculty no Man ever excell'd him) and therefore I reſolv'd to take mine from Authority. And to that end, there is not one Action in the Play, nay ſcarce a word concerning it, but is borrow'd from ſome Antient, or Modern Witchmonger Which you will find in the Notes, wherein I have preſented you a great part of the Doctrine of Witchcraft, believe it who will. For my part, I am (as it is ſaid of* Surly *in the* Alchymiſt) *ſomewhat coſtive of belief. The Evidences I have repreſented are natural,* viz. *ſlight, and frivolous, ſuch as poor old Women were wont to be hang'd upon.*

For the Actions, if I had not repreſented them as thoſe of real Witches, but had ſhow'd the Ignorance, Fear, Melancholy, Malice, Confederacy, and impoſture that contribute to the belief of Witchcraft, the people had wanted diverſion, and there had been another clamor againſt it, it would have been call'd Atheiſtical, by a prevailing party who take it ill that the power of the Devil ſhould be leſſen'd, and attribute more miracles to a ſilly old Woman, than ever they did to the greateſt of Prophets, and by this means the Play might have been Silenced.

I have but one thing more to obſerve, which is, that Witchcraft, being a Religion to the Devil, (for ſo it is, the Witches being the Devil's Clergy, their Cha ms upon ſeveral occaſions being ſo many Offices of the Witches Liturgy to him,)

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and attended with as many Ceremonies as even the Popiſh Religion is, 'tis remarkable that the Church of the Devil (if I may catachreſtically call it ſo) has continued almoſt the ſame, from their firſt Writers on this Subject to the laſt. From Theocritus *his* Pharmaceutria, *to* Sadduciſmus Triumphatus: *and to the ſhame of Divines, the Church of Chriſt has been in perpetual alteration. But had there been as little to be gotten in one as in the other, 'tis probable there would have been as few changes.*

I have troubled you too long, ſpeak of the Play as you find it.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

OUR Poet once resolv'd to quit the Stage,
But seeing what slight Plays still please the Age,
He is drawn in: and thinks to pass with ease,
He cannot write so ill as some that please.
Our Author says he has no need to fear,
All faults but of good Writing you can bear.
The common Eyes all paintings please alike;
Signs are as good to them as pieces of Vandike.
Our Author honours th' understanding Few;
And from the many he appeals to you:
For (tho' in Interest most should judge,) 'tis fit
There should an Oligarchy be in Wit:
False Wit is now the most pernicious Weed,
Rank and o'er-grown——and all run up to Seed.
In knavish Politicks much of it is employ'd,
With nasty spurious stuff the Town is Cloy'd;
Which daily from the Teeming Press y' have found,
But true Wit seems in Magick-Fetters bound,
Like sprights which Conjurers Circles do surround.
The Ages sores must rankle farther, when
It cannot bear the Cauterizing Pen:
When Satyr the true Medicine is declin'd,
What hope of Cure can our Corruptions find?
If the Poet's end only to please must be,
Juglers, Rope-dancers, are as good as he.
Instruction is an honest Poet's aim,
And not a large or Wide, but a good Fame.
But he has found long since this would not do,
And therefore thought to have deserted you:
But Poets and Young Girls by no mishaps
Are warn'd, those damning fright not, nor these Claps.
Their former Itch will spite of all persuade,
And both will fall again to their old Trade:
Our Poet says, that some resolve in spite
To damn, tho' good, what ever he shall write.
He fears not such as right or wrong oppose,
He swears, in sense, his Friends out-weigh such foes.
He cares not much whether he sink or swim,
He will not suffer but we shall for him.
We then are your Petitioners to Day,
Your Charity for this Cripple piece we pray:
We are only loosers if you damn the Play:

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir *Edward Hartfort.* — A worthy Hospitable true English Gentleman, of good understanding, and honest Principles.

Young *Hartfort* his Son. — A Clownish, Sordid Country Fool, that loves nothing but drinking Ale, and Country Sports.

Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead.* — A simple Justice, pretending to great skill in Witches, and a great Persecuter of them.

Sir *Timothy Shacklehead.* — Sir *Jeffery's* Son, a very pert, confident, simple Fellow, bred at *Oxford*, and the *Inns* of *Court*.

Tom. Shacklehead. — Sir *Jeffery's* poor Younger Brother, an humble Companion, and led: drinker in the Country.

Smerk, — Chaplain to Sir *Edward*, Foolish, Knavish, Popish, Arrogant, Insolent; yet, for his Interest, Slavish.

Tegue O Divelly. — The Irish Priest, an equal mixture of Fool and Knave.

Bellfort. *Doubty.* — Two *Yorkshire* Gentlemen of good Estates, well bred, and of good Sense.

La. *Shacklehead.* — Wife to Sir *Jeffery*, a notable discreet Lady, something inclined to Wantonness.

Theodosia. Daughter to Sir *Jeffery*, and Lady. *Isabella.* Daughter to Sir *Edward Hartfort.* — Women of good Humour, Wit, and Beauty.

Susan. House-keeper to Sir *Edward.*

Clod. A Country Fellow, a retainer to Sir *Edward's* Family.
Thomas o Georges. Another Country Fellow.

Constable.

The Devil.
Mother *Demdike.*
Mother *Dickenson.*
Mother *Hargrave.*
Mal. Spencer.
Madge, and several others. — Witches.

Old Woman that searches them.
Servants, Dancers, Musicians, Messengers, *&c.*

The Scene in *Lancashire*, near *Pendle-Hills.*

THE Lancaſhire Witches AND *TEGUE O DIVELLY* THE Iriſh PRIEST.

ACT. I.

Enter Sir *Edward Hartfort* and *Smerk.*

Smerk. *SIR, give me leave, as by my duty bound,*
To let you know (though I am lately come
Into your Family) I have obſerv'd
(for all your real Courteſie, and ſeeming Mirth
Among your Friends that viſit you) a fixt
And conſtant Melancholy does poſſeſs you, Sir,
When y' are alone, and you ſeem not to reliſh
The happineſs your ample Fortune, and
The great eſteem your Worth has ever gain'd
From all good men might give you, I am bound
T' enquire the Cauſe, and offer my Advice

Sir Edw. *Pray ſearch no further, I, for once, can pardon*
The raſhneſs of your curioſity.
I did not take your for my Councellor.

Smerk. *You now, Sir, are become one of my Flock:*
And I am bound in Conſcience to adviſe,
And ſearch into the troubles of your Spirit,
To find the ſecrets that diſturb your Mind.

Sir Edw. *I do not wonder, that a perſon ſhould*
Be fooliſh and pragmatical; but know,

I willl adviſe and teach your Maſter of Artſhip
(That made you Lord it over Boyes and Freſhmen)
To add to your ſmall Logick and Divinity
Two main Ingredients, Sir, Sence and Good-manners,
Smerk. *Conſider, Sir, the Dignity of my Function.*
Sir Edw. *Your Father is my Taylor, you are my Servant.*
And do you think a Caſſock and a Girdle
Can alter you ſo much, as to enable
Yor (who before were but a Coxcomb, Sir,)
To teach me? Know I only took you for
A mechanick Divine, no read Church Prayers
Twice every day, and once a week to Teach
My Servants Honeſtly and Obedience.
You may be Belweather to a ſilly Flock,
And lead 'em where you pleaſe, but ne're muſt hope
To govern Men of ſenſe and knowledg.
Smerk. *My Office bids me ſay this is profane,*
And little leſs than Atheiſtical.
Sir Edw. *You're inſolent, you're one of the ſenſeleſs,*
Hot-headed Fools, that injure all your Tribe;
Learn of the wiſe, the moderate and good,
Our Church abounds with ſuch examples for you.
I ſcorn the name of Atheiſt, you're ill-manner'd,
But who er'e touches one of you hot-ſpur Perſons,
You brand him home, and right, or wrong, no matter.
Smerk. *My Orders give me Authority to ſpeak.*
Sir Edw. *Your Orders ſeparate, and ſet you apart*
To Miniſter, that is, to ſerve in Churches,
And not to domineer in Families.
Smerk. *A Power Legantine I have from Heaven.*
Sir *Edw. Show your Credentials. Come good petulant*
Mr. Chop-Logick, pack up your few Books
And old Black thred-bare Cloths to morrow-morning,
And leave my Houſe; get you a Wall-ey'd Mare,
Will carry double, for your Spouſe and you,
When ſome caſt Chamber-Maid ſhall ſmile upon you,
Charm'd with a Vicaridge of forty pound
A year, the greateſt you can ever look for.
Smerk. *Good Sir! I have offended, and am ſorry.*
I ne're will once commit this fault again,
Now I am acquainted with your Worſhips mind.
Sir Edw. *So, now you are not bound in Conſcience then.*
The indiſcretion of ſuch paultry fellows
Are ſcandals to the Church and Cauſe they Preach for.
What fatal miſchiefs have domeſtick Prieſts
Brought on the beſt of Families in England*!*
Where their dull Patrons give them line enough,

First with the Women they insinuate,
(Whose fear and folly makes them slaves t'you,)
And give them ill opinions of their Husbands.
Or ye divide them, if the Women rule not.
But, if they govern, then your reign is sure.
Then y' have the secrets of the Family,
Dispose oth' Children, place and then displace,
Whom, and when you think fit.

Smerk. *Good, Noble Sir! I humbly shall desist.*

Sir Edw. *The Husband must not drink a Glass, but when*
You shall, of your good grace, think fit for him.
None shall be welcome but whom you approve;
And all this favour is, perhaps, requited
With the infusing of ill principles into the Sons,
And stealing, or corrupting of the Daughters.
Sometimes upon a weak and bigot Patron you,
Obtain so much to be Executor:
And, if he dies, marry his Widow, and
Claim then the cheating of his Orphans too.

Smerk. *Sweet Sir, forbear, I am fully sensible.*

Sir Edw. *With furious zeal you press for Discipline.*
With fire and blood maintain your great Diana.
Foam at the mouth when a Dissenter's nam'd,
(With fiery eyes, wherein we flaming see
A persecuting spirit,) you roar at
Those whom the wisest of your function strive
To win by Gentleness and easie ways.
You dam'em, if they do not love a Suplice.

Smerk. *Had I the power, I'de make them wear pitch'd Surplices,*
And light them till they flam'd about their Ears,
I would ——

Sir Edw. *Such Firebrands as you but hurt the Cause.*
The learnedst and the wisest of your Tribe
Strive by good life and meekness to o'recome them.
We serve a Prince renown'd for Grace and Mercy,
Abhorring wayes of Blood and Cruelty;
Whose Glory will, for this, last to all Ages.
Him Heaven preserve long quiet in his Throne
I will have no such violent Sons of Thunder,
I will have moderation in my House.

Smerk. *Forgive my zeal, and, if your Worship please,*
I will submit to all your wise Instructions.

Sir Edw. *Then (on your good behaviour) I receive you.*
Search not the secrets of my House or me.
Vain was our Reformation, if we still
Suffer auricular Confession here,

By which the Popish Clergy rule the world,
No business in my Family shall concern you;
Preach nothing but good life and honesty.'

Smerk. *I will not.*

Sir Edw. *No controversial Sermons will I hear:*
No meddling with Government; y' are ignorant
O'th Laws and Customs of our Realm, and should be so.
The other world should be your care, not this.—
A Plow-man is as fit to be a Pilot,
As a good Clergy-man to be a States-man, Sir:
Besides, the People are not apt to love you,
Because your sloth is supported by their labours.
And you do hurt to any Cause you would
Advance.

Smerk. *I humbly bow, Sir, to your Wisdom,*

Sir Edw. *A meek and humble modest Teacher be;*
For piteous trifles you Divines fall out.
If you must Quarrel, Quarrel who shall be
Most honest men; leave me, and then consider
Of what I have said.

Smerk. *I will do any thing,*
Rather then lose your Worships grace and favour.

Sir Edw. *Begon.* [*Exit* Smerk.

Enter *Isabella.*

Isabella. Sir, why do you walk alone, and Melancholy?
I have observ'd you droop much on the sudden.

Sir *Edw.* Dear *Isabella*, the most solid joy
And comfort of my fading life! thou truest Image
Of thy dead Mother! who excell'd her Sex:
Fair, and not proud on't; witty, and not vain;
Not grave, but Wise; Chast, and yet kind and free;
Devout, not sower; Religious, not precise:
In her no foolish affectation was
Which makes us nauseate all good qualities.
She was all meekness and humility;
The tendrest Mother, and the softest Wife.

Isab. My Dearest and most Honoured Father,
(Had you not been the best of Parents living)
I could not have outliv'd that Mothers loss,
Loss of her tender care, and great example.

Sir *Edw.* Yet learn, my Child, never to grieve for that
Which cannot be recall'd; those whom I love
With tenderness I will embrace, when living,
And when they're dead strive to forget 'em soon.

Isab. What is it can afflict you now, dear Father?

Sir

Sir *Edw.* Thou'rt wiſe, to thee I can declare my grief;
Thy Brother has been ſtill my tender care,
Out of my duty, rather than affection.
Whom I could never bend by Education
To any generous Purpoſe, who delights
In Dogs and Horſes, Peaſants, Ale and Sloth.

Iſab. He may have Children will be wiſer, Sir.
And you are young enough yet to expect
Many years comfort in your Grand-children.

Sir *Edw.* To that end I would match the unhewn Clown
To the fair Daughter of Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead*,
Who has all the perfection can be wiſh'd
In woman-kind, and might reſtore the breed:
But he neglects her, to enjoy his Clowns,
His fooliſh ſports, and is averſe to Marriage.
I would not have my Name periſh in him.

Iſab. aſide. } I am ſure ſhee'l never help to the continuance.

Sir *Edw.* But thou art good, my Child, obedient.
And though Sir *Timothy*, Sir *Jeffery's* Son,
Has not the great accompliſhments I wiſh him,
His tempter yet is flexible and kind,
And will be apt to yeild to thy diſcretion.
His perſon not ungracious, his Eſtate
Large, and lies altogether about his Houſe,
Which (for its ſituation and its building)
With noble Gardens, Fountains, and a River
Running quite through his Park and Garden,
Exceeds moſt in the North: Thou knoweſt, my Child,
How this croſs match will ſtrengthen and advance
My Family——He is coming hither from
His ſport, He has given his Horſe to his man, and now
Is walking towards us; I'll go and find
My Lady and her Daughter. [*Ex. Sir* Edward.

Iſab. Oh hard fate!
That I muſt diſobey ſo good a Father:
I to no puniſhment can be condemn'd
Like to the Mrriage with this fooliſh Knight.
But by ill uſage of him, I will make him,
If poſſible, hate me as I hate him.

Enter Sir *Timothy Shacklehead.*

Sir *Tim*, Oh my Fair Couſin, I ſpied yee, and that made me give my man my Horſe to come to you.

Iſab. Me! have you any buſineſs with me?

Sir

Sir *Tim.* Buſineſs! yes Faith, I think I have, you know it well enough, but we have had no ſport this afternoon, and therefore I made haſte to come to you.

Iſab. Such as you ſhould have no ſport made to you, you ſhould make it for others.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, it's no matter for that; but Couſin, would you believe it, we were all bewitched, Mother *Demdike* and all her Imps were abroad, I think; but you are the pretty Witch that enchants my heart. This muſt needs pleaſe her. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. Well ſaid, *Academy of Complements*, you are well read I ſee,

Sir *Tim.* Ods Bud, who would have thought ſhe had read that?

Iſab. Nay, for Learning and good breeding let *Tim* alone.

Sir *Tim.* *Tim!* I might be Sir *Timothy* in your mouth tho', one would think.

Iſab. I am ſorry the king beſtowed Honour ſo cheaply.

Sir *Tim.* Nay, not ſo cheaply neither; for though my Lady Mother had a dear Friend at Court, yet I was fain to give one a Hundred pounds, beſides my Fees, I am ſure of that: *Tim!* hum go too ———

Iſab. Was there ever ſo fulſome a Fool!

Sir *Tim.* Beſides, I gave Thirty Guinneas for the Sword I was Knighted with to one of his Nobles, for the King did not draw his own Sword upon me.

Iſab. Do you abuſe the Nobility? would a Nobleman ſell you a Sword?

Sir *Tim.* Yes that they will, ſell that or any thing elſe at Court. I am ſure he was a great Courtier, he talked ſo prettily to the Kings Dogs, and was ſo familiar with them, and they were very kind to him, and he had great intereſt in them: He had all their names as quick, and *Mumper* and I don't know who, and diſcours'd with them, I proteſt and vow, as if they had been Chriſtians.

Iſab. Oh thou art a pretty Fellow; hey for little *Tim* of *Lancaſter*.

Sir *Tim.* You might give one ones Title one would think, I ſay again, eſpecially one that loves you too.

Iſab. Yes, I will give you your Title.

Sir *Tim.* Thank you, dear Couſin. { *He offers to kiſs her hand, She gives him a box on the ear.*

Iſab. Take that, and your proper Title, Fool.

Sir *Tim.* Fool! I defie you, I ſcorn your words, 'tis a burning ſhame you ſhould be ſo uncivil, that it is: Little thinks my Lady Mother how I am uſed.—

Iſab. Once for all, as a Kinſman I will be civil to you; but if you dare make love to me, I'll make thee ſuch an Example, thou ſhalt be a terrour to all fooliſh Knights.

Sir *Tim.* Fooliſh! Ha, ha, ha, that's a pretty jeſt; why han't I been at *Oxford* and the Inn's of Court? I have ſpent my time well indeed if I be a Fool ſtill: But I am not ſuch a Fool to give you over for all this.

Iſab. Doſt thou hear? thou moſt incorrigible Lump, never to be lickt into form? thou Coxcomb Incarnate; thou freſh, inſipid, witleſs, manneryleſs Knight, who weareſt a Knighthood worſe than a Haberdaſher of ſmall Wares would; it ſerves but to make thy folly more eminent.

Sir *Tim.* Well, well, forſooth, ſome Body ſhall know this.

Iſab. Every one that knows thee, knows it. Doſt thou think, becauſe thy fooliſh Mother has Cocker'd thee with Morning Caudles, and Afternoons Luncheons, thou art fit to make Love? I'll uſe thee like a Dog if thou dareſt but ſpeak once more of Love, or name the Word before me.

Sir *Tim.* Mum, mum, no more to be ſaid, I ſhall be heard ſome where. Will your Father maintain you in theſe things, ha Gentlewoman?

Iſab. Tell if thou durſt, I'll make thee tremble. Heart, if you ben't gone now preſently, I'll beat you. [*Ex. Sir Tim.*

Enter *Theodoſia.*

Iſab. My Dear, art thou come! I have been juſt now tormented by thy fooliſh Brother's awkward Courtſhip, forgive me that I make ſo bold with him.

Theo. Prethee do, my Dear, I ſhall be as free with thine, though he is not ſo great a Plague, for he is baſhfull, very indifferent, and for ought I perceive, to my great Comfort, no Lover at all: But mine is pert, fooliſh, confident, and on my Conſcience in love to boot.

Iſab. Well, we are reſolved never to Marry There we are deſigned, that's certain. For my part I am a free Engliſh Woman, and will ſtand up for my Liberty, and property of Choice.

Theo. And Faith, Girl, I'll be a mutineer on thy ſide; I hate the impoſition of a Husband, 'tis as bad as Popery.

Iſab. We will be Husband and Wife to one another, dear *Theodoſia.*

Theo. But there are a brace of Sparks we ſaw at the *Spaw*, I am apt to believe would forbid the Banes if they were here.

Iſab. Belfort and *Doubty*, they write us word they will be here ſuddenly, but I have little hopes; for my Father is ſo reſolved in whatever he propoſes, I muſt deſpair of his conſent for *Belfort*, though he is too reaſonable to force me to Marry any one; beſides he is engaged in Honour to your Father.

Theo. Nay, if thou thinkeſt of ſubjection ſtill, or I either, we are in a deſperate caſe: No, mutiny, mutiny, I ſay.

Iſab. And no Money, no Money will our Fathers ſay.

Theo. If our Lovers will not take us upon thoſe Terms, they are not worthy of us. If they will, farewell Daddy, ſay I.

Iſab. If ſo, I will be as hearty a Rebel, and as briſk as thou art for thy Life; but canſt thou think they are ſuch Romancy Knights, to take Ladies with nothing? I am ſcarce ſo vain, though I am a Woman.

Theo. I would not live without vanity for the Earth; if every one could ſee their own faults, 'twould be a ſad World.

Iſab. Thou ſayſt right, ſure the World would be almoſt depopulated, moſt men would hang themſelves.

Theo. Ay, and Women too: Is there any creature ſo happy as your affected Lady? or conceited Coxcomb?

Iſab. I muſt confeſs they have a happy error, that ſerves their turn better than truth; but away with Philoſophy, and let's walk on and conſider of the more weighty matters of our Love.

Theo. Come along, my Dear. [*Ex. Iſabella* and *Theodoſia.*

Enter Sir *Timothy.*

Sir *Tim.* What a Pox is the Matter? She has piſs'd upon a Nettle to day, or elſe the Witches have bewitched her. Hah, now I talk of Witches, I am plaguily afraid, and all alone: No, here's Nuncle *Thomas.*

Enter

Enter *Tho. Shacklehead.*

Tho. Sha. How now, Couſin?

Sir *Tim.* Couſin? plain Couſin? You might have more manners Uncle; 's Fleſh, and one gives you an Inch, you'll take an Ell. I ſee Familiarity breeds Contempt.

Tom. Sha. Well, Sir *Timothy*, then, By'r Lady I thought no harm; but I am your Uncle, I'll tell a that.

Sir *Tim.* Yes, my Father's younger Brother. What a murrain do we keep you for, but to have an Eye over our Dogs and Hawks, to drink Ale with the Tenants (when they come with Rent or Preſents) in Black Jacks, at the upper end of a Brown Shovel-board Table in the Hall? to ſit at lower end o'th Board at Meals, riſe, make your Leg, and take away your Plate at ſecond Courſe? and you to be thus familiar!

Tom. Sha. Pray forgive me, good Couſin; Sir *Thimothy*, I mean.

Sir *Tim.* Very well, you will be ſaucy again, Unckle. Uds lud, Why was I Knighted but to have my Title given me? My Father, and Lady Mother can give it me, and ſuch a Fellow as you, a meer younger Brother, to forget it!

Tom. Sha. Nay, nay, haud yee, you mun ta't in good part, I did but forget a bit, good Sir *Timothy*.

Sir *Tim.* My Mother would be in a fine taking about it, and ſhe knew it.

Tom. Sha. Nay, pray now do not ſay ought to my Lady, by th' Maſs who'l be e'en ſtark wood an who hears on't. But look a, look a, here come th' Caurſers, the Hare ha's play'd the Dee'l with us to neeght, we han been aw bewitched.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, ſo we have, to have the Hare vaniſh in open Field before all our Faces, and our Eyes never off from her.

Tom. Sha. Ay, and then awd Wife (they caw'n her Mother *Demdike*) to ſtart up i'th ſame pleck! i' th'very ſpot o' grawnt where we loſten puſs!

Enter Sir *Jefery Shaklehead*, Sir *Edward Hartfort*, Young *Hartford*, *Chaplain*, *Clod*, and other Servants.

Sir *Edw.* Theſe are Prodigies you tell, they cannot be; your ſenſes are deceived.

Sir *Jeff.* My ſenſes deceived! that's well, Is there a Juſtice in *Lancaſhire* has ſo much skill in Witches as I have? Nay, I'll ſpeak a proud word, you ſhall turn me looſe againſt any Witch-finder in *Europe*; I'd make an Aſs of *Hopkins* if he were alive.

Young *Har.* Nay I'll ſwear 'ts true, Pox on that awd Carrion Mother *Demdike*, ſhe ha's marr'd all our ſports, and almoſt kill'd two Brace of Greyhounds worth a Thouſand pound.

Sir *Edw.* Dreams, meer Dreams of Witches, old womans fables, the Devils not ſuch a Fool as you would make him.

Sir *Jeff.* Dreams! mercy upon me! are you ſo profane to deny Witches?

Smerk. Heaven defend! will you deny the exiſtence of Witches? 'Tis very Atheiſtical.

Sir *Edw.* Incorrigible ignorance! 'tis ſuch as you are Atheiſtical, that would equal the Devils power with that of Heaven it ſelf. I ſee ſuch ſimple Parſons cannot endure to hear the Devil diſhonour'd.

Sir

Sir *Jeff.* No Witches? why I have hang'd above Fourſcore. Read *Bodin*, *Remigius*, *Delrio*, *Nider*, *Inſtitutor*, *Sprenger*, *Godelman*, and *More*, and *Malleus Maleficarum*, a great Author, that writes ſweetly about Witches, very ſweetly.

Sir *Edw. Malleeus Maleficarum* a Writer? he has read nothing but the Titles I ſee.

Sir *Jeff.* Oh, ay a great man, *Malleus* was a great man; Read *Couſin*, read the Antidote againſt Atheiſm: Well, I'll make work among your Witches.

Young *Har.* Ay good Sir *Jeffery* do; Uds Lud they'l grow ſo bold, one ſhan't go a Caurſing, Hunting or Hawking for 'em one of theſe days; and then all the joy of ones life's gone.

Sir *Edw.* Why, are thoſe all the joys of Life?

Young *Har.* Ay, Godsfleſh are they; I'd not give a Farthing to live without 'em; what's a Gentleman but his Sports?

Tho. Sha. Nay by'r Lady, I mun have a ſaup of Ale now and then, beſides ſports.

Sir *Jeff.* Why hear's my Son, Sir *Timothy*, ſaw the hare vaniſh, and the Witch appear.

Sir *Tim.* That I did upon my honour, Sir *Jeffery*.

Enter *Clod.*

Clod. So ho, here's the Hare again.

Young *Har.* Ha Boys, loo on the Dogs; more ſport, more ſport.

Sir *Edw.* 'Tis almoſt dark, let's home: go to your Miſtriſs, Fool.

Young *Har.* Time enough for that, Sir; I muſt have this Courſe firſt, halloo.

They all go out as to Courſing.

Mother Demdike *riſes out of the ground as they re-enter.*

Sir *Jeff.* Now, Sir *Edward*, do you ſee, the Hare is vaniſh'd, and here is the Hag.

Sir *Edw.* Yes I ſee 'tis almoſt dark, the Hare is run from your tired Dogs, and here is a poor old Woman gathering of ſticks.

Smerk. Avant thou filthy Hag, I defie thee and all thy works.

Clod. This is wheint indeed, Sir, you are a Scolard, pray defend me.

Sir *Jeff.* Now you ſhall ſee how the Witches fear me.

Sir *Edw.* The old Women have reaſon to fear you, you have hang'd ſo many of 'em.

Sir *Jeff.* Now *Tom Shaklehead*, and you *Clod*, lay hold o'th' Witch quickly; now you ſhall ſee my skill; wee'l ſearch her, I warrant ſhe has biggs or teats a handful long about her parts that ſhall be nameleſs; then wee'l have her watched eight and forty hours, and prikt with Needles, to keep her from ſleeping, and make her confeſs, Gad ſhee'l confeſs any thing in the world then; and if not, after all, wee'l tie her Thumbs and great Toes together, and fling her into your great Pond. Let me alone with her, I warrant ye; come, come, come, where are you?

Sir *Edw.* So I muſt have a poor old woman murder'd in my Houſe.

Mother Demdike *knocks down* Tom Shacklehead *and* Clod, *and vaniſhes.*

Tom Sha. } Oh the Witch! the Devil!
Clod. }

Sir *Jeff.* How now, what's the matter?

Tom Sha. Why by'r Lady, the Deel' isth' matter; the old Hag has knockt us both dawn, and is vaniſht under grawnt I think.

Sir *Edw.* Your fear has knockt you down, and the old woman has eſcap'd.

Sir *Jeff.* No, no, ſhe has done't; a Witch has a mighty ſtrength: Six men are not ſtrong enough for a Witch of Fourſcore.

Sir *Edw.* Come prethy, Sir *Jeffery*, let's home and drive theſe fables out of our heads, it's dark

Sir *Jeff.* Nay, I know how to deal with her, I'll ſend my Warrant and a Conſtable with't that is ſtrong enough to beat Six Witches, ay, ſix the ableſt Witches on 'em all: you'd wonder at it, but faith 'tis true. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Mother Demdike *re-enters*

Demd. Ha, ha, ha, how I have fooled theſe fellows, let 'em go home and prate about it, this night wee'l revel in Sir *Edward's* Cellar, and laugh at the Juſtice. But to the buſineſs of the Night.

She ſings

Come, Siſters, come why do you ſtay?
Our buſineſs will not brook delay,
[a] The Owl is flown from the hollow Oak.
From Lakes and Bogs the Todes do croak.
The Foxes bark, the Screetch-Owl ſcreams:
Wolves howl, Bats fly, and the faint beams
Of Glow-worms light grows bright apace;
The Stars are fled, the Moon hides her face.
[b] The Spindle now is turning round:
[c] Mandrakes are groaning under ground.
[d] I'th' hole, i'th' Ditch (our Nails have made)
[e] Now all our Images are laid,
Of Wax and Wool, which we muſt [f] prick,
With Needles urging to the quick.
[g] Into the hole I'll pour a flood
Of Black Lambs bloud, to make all good.
The Lamb with Nails and Teeth wee'l tear.
Come where's the Sacrifice? appear.

Enter Mother Dickenſon, Hargrave, Mal Spencer, *and ſeveral other Witches with a Black Lamb*

Witches. 'Tis here.

Demd. Why are you all ſo tardy grown?
Muſt I the work perform alone?

Dicken. Be patient [h] Dame, wee'l all obey.

Dem. Come then to work, anon wee'l play.
To yonder Hall
Our Lord wee'l call,
Sing, dance and eat,
Play many a feat,
And fright the Juſtice and the Squire, And

And plunge the Cattel into the Mire.

But now to work { They tear the *Black! Lamb* in pieces, and pour the Blood into the hole.

Debter, Debter, do not Stay,
Upon the Waves go ſport and play;
And ſee the Ship be caſt away.
Come let us now our parts perform,
And ſcrape a hole, and raiſe a Storm.

Dicken. Here is ſome Sea Sand I have gotten,
Which thus into the Air I throw.

Harg. Here's Sage, that under Ground was rotten,
Which thus a-round me I beſtrow:

Spencer. Sticks on the Bank a-croſs are laid.

Harg. The hole by our nayls is almoſt made.
Hogs Briſtles boyl witin the Pot.

Demd. The Hollow flint Stone I have got,
Which I over my Shoulder throw,
Into the Weſt to make Winds Blow.
Now Water here, and Urine put,
And with your Sticks ſtir it about.
Now dip your Brooms, and toſs them high,
To bring the Rain down from the Sky.
Not yet a Storm? Come let us wound
The Air with every dreadful ſound,
And with live Vipers beat the ground.

They beat the ground with Vipers, they bark, howl, hiſs, cry like Screetch Owles, hollow like Owls, and make many confuſed noiſes: The Storm begins.

Song of three Parts.

NOW the Winds roar,
And the Skies pour
Down all their Store.

It Thunders and Lightens.

And now the Night's black,
Heark how the Clouds crack.
Heark how the Clouds crack.

It Thunders and Lightens.

A hollow din the Woods now make,
The Vallies tremble, Mountains Shake,
And all the living Creatures quake.

It Thunders and Lightens.

It keeps awake the ſleepy fowl,
The Sailers Swear, the high Seas roll,
And all the frighted Dogs do howl.

It Thunders and Lightens.

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Demdide ſpeaks, Now to our Tasks let's all be gone,
Our Maſter we ſhall meet anon,
Between the hours of twelve and one.

They all ſet up a laugh.

Enter *Clod* with a Candle and Lanthorn.

Clod. Whaw, what a Storm is this! I think mother *Demdike* and all her Deel's are abroad to neeght, 'tis ſo dark too I canno ſee my hont. * Oh the Dee'l, the Dee'l, help! help! this is Mother *Demdike*; help, s'fleſh, What mun I do? I canno get dawn, 'ſwawnds Ayſt be clem'd an I ſtay here aw neeght.

* One of the Witches flies away with the Candle and Lanthorn, Mother *Demdike* ſets him upon the top of a Tree, and they all fly away Laughing.

Enter *Bellfort* and *Doubty.*

Bell. Was there ever ſuch a Storm raiſed on a ſudden, the Sky being clear, and no appearance on't before?

Doubt. But the worſt part of our misfortune is to be out of our way in a ſtrange Country, the night ſo dark that Owls and Bats are wildred.

Bell. There is no help, Cover the Saddles, and ſtand with the Horſes under that Tree, while we ſtand cloſe and ſhelter our ſelves here; the Tempeſt is ſo violent, it cannot laſt.

Doubt. New Philoſophy helps us to a little Patience, Heaven be praiſed we are not at Sea yet.

Bell. Theſe troubles we Knight Errants muſt endure when we march in ſearch of Ladies.

Doubt. Would we were in as good Lodgings as our Dogs have which we ſent before to *Whalley.* I fear too (after all this device of yours) our pretending to hunt here will never take.

Bell. Why ſo?

Doubt. Will any body think that a man in his right Wits ſhould chuſe this Hilly Country to hunt in?

Bell. O, yes, there are Huntſmen that think there's no ſport without venturing Neck's or Collar-bone; beſides, there is no other way to hope to ſee our Miſtriſſes: by this means we ſhall troll out my Miſtreſſes Brother, who loves, and underſtands nothing but Country ſports. By that we may get acquaintance with Sir *Edward Hartfort,* who is reported to be a wiſe, honeſt, hoſpitable, true Engliſh man. And that will bring us into Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead's* family, *Whalley* being in the mid-way betwixt them.

Doubt. I am reſolved to ſee my Myſtriſs, what e're comes on't, and know my doom. Your *York ſhire* Spaw was a fatal place to me, I loſt a heart there, Heaven knows when I ſhall find it again.

Bell. Thoſe interviews have ſpoiled me for a man of this World, I can no more throw off my looſe corns of Love upon a Tenants Daughter in the Country, or think of Cuckolding a keeping Fool in the City; I am grown as pityful a whining Loving animal as any Romance can furniſh us with.

Doubt. That we ſhould ſcape in all the *Tour* of *France* and *Italy*, where the Sun has power to ripen Love, and catch this diſtemper in the North! but my *Theodoſia* in humour, wit, and beauty has no equal.

Bell. Beſides my *Iſabella*.

Doubt. To you your *Iſabella's* equal.

Bell. We are pretty fellows to talk of Love, we ſhall be wet to the Skin; yonder are lights in many Rooms, it muſt be a great Houſe, let's make towards it.

Doubt. It is ſo dark, and among theſe Hills and Inclourſes 'tis impoſſible. Will no lucky fellow, of this place, come by and guide us? We are out of all Roads.

Clod. Oh! Oh! what mun Ay do? Ay am well neegh pariſht: I mun try to get dawn. [*He falls.*

Help, help, Murder, Murder.

Bell. What a Devil is here, a fellow fallen from the top of a Tree!

Doubt. 'Sdeath is this a night to climb in? what does this mean?

Clod. Oh! Oh!

Bell. Here, who art thou? What's the matter?

Clod. Oh the dee'l; avant, I defi thee and all thy warks.

Doubt. Is he drunk or mad? give me thy hand, I'll help thee.

Clod. Begon, Witches I defi ye, help! help!

Bell. What doſt thou talk of? we are no Witches nor Devils, but Travellers that have loſt our way, and will reward thee well if thou wilt guide us into it.

Clod. An yeow been a mon Ay'ſt talk wy ye a bit; yeow mun tack a care o your ſells, the plece's haunted with Buggarts, and Witches, one of 'em took my Condle and Lanthorn out of my hont, and flew along wy it; and another ſet me o top o'th' tree, where I feel dawn naw; Ay ha well neegh brocken my theegh.

Doubt. The fellow's mad, I neither underſtand his words, nor his Senſe, prethee how far is it to *Whalley*?

Clod. Why, yeow are quite beſaid th' road mon, yeow ſhoulden a gone dawn th' bonk by *Thomas* o *Georges*, and then een at yate, and tur'd dawn th' Lone, and left the Steepo o'th reeght hont.

Bell. Prithee don't tell us what we ſhould have done, but how far is it to *Whalley*?

Clod. Why marry four mail and a bit.

Doubt. Wee'l give thee an Angel and ſhew us the way thither.

Clod. Marry that's whaint, I conno ſee my hont, haw con Ay ſhow yeow to *Whalley* to neeght.

Bell. Canſt thou ſhew us to any houſe where we may have Shelter and Lodging to night? we are Gentlemen and ſtrangers, and will pay you well for't

Clod. Ay, by'r Lady con I, th' beſt ludging and diet too in aw *Loncaſhire*. Yonder at th' hough, where yeow ſeen th' leeghts there.

Doubt. Whoſe houſe is that?

Clod.

Clod. Why what a pox, where han you lived? why yeow are Strongers indeed! why, 'tis Sir *Tedard Hartforts*, he keeps oppen hawſe to all Gentry, yeou'l be welcome to him by day and by neeght, he's Lord of aw here abauts.

Bell. My Miſtreſſes Father, Luck if it be thy will, have at my *Iſabella*; Canſt thou guide us thither?

Clod. Ay, Ay, there's a pawer of Company there naw, Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead*, and the Knight his Son and Doughter.

Doubt. Lucky above my wiſhes, O my dear *Theodoſia*, how my Heart leaps at her! prethee guide us thither, wee'l pay thee well.

Clod. Come on, I am e'en breed out o my ſenſes, I was ne'er ſo freeghten'd ſin I was born, give me your hont.

Bell. No, here are our Men and Horſes, wee'l get up, and you ſhall lead the foremoſt: Now Stars be kind.

Ex. Omnes.

Notes upon the Magick.

a This is a ſolemn deſcription of a fit time for Witches to be at Work. b The Spindle or Wheel is uſed in their Conjurations. *Martial* makes it uſed for troubling the Moon, *lib.* 9. *Ep.* 3. *Quæ nunc Theſſalico lunam diducere rhombo, & lib.* 2. *Ep.* 67. *Cum ſecta Cholco Luna valupat rhombo. Lucan*, who of all the Poets writes with the moſt admirable height about Witchcraft, in his ſixth Book makes the Wheel or Spindle to be uſed in Love Matters, *Traxerunt torti Magicâ vertigine fili*, as does *Ovid lib.* 1. *Eleg.* 8. *Seu bene quid gramen, quid torto concita rhombo licia*, &c. And ſo *Propertius*, *lib.* 3. *Stamineâ rhombi ducitur ille rotâ.* And *lib.* 2. *Deficiunt Magico torti ſub carmine rhombi.* c The groaning of Mandrakes is a tradition of old Women, and that the groan kills. See the Notes in the Third Act, it has been always thought of great uſe in Magick. d For chuſing Ditches for their Magick Rites, *Ovid Metam.* lib. 7. *de Medea: Haud procul egeſta ſcrobibus tellure duabus Sacra facit.* For ſcraping holes with their Nails, *Horat. lib.* 1. *Satyr* 8. concerning *Canidia and Sagana, Scalpere terram unguibus.* And it is uſed by our Modern Witches, as you ſhall find in *Malleus Maleficarum, Bodin, Remigius, Delrio*, &c. *Id lib.* 3. *diſquiſitionum Magicarum, Sect.* 4. *de ſagittariis aſſaſſinis & imaginum fabricatorum Maleficiis* tells many ſtories of their uſing e Images, he ſays, *Haud multum à ſagittariis diſcrepat genus maleficorum, qui quaſdam fabricantur imagines, quas vel acubus pungunt, vel igne liquant vel confringunt*, &c. See *Hect. Boeth.* the Hiſtory of King *Duff*, lib. 3. *rerum Scoticarum. Corn. Tacit. Ann.* 2. *de ſcelere Piſonis & morte Germanici*, ſays, *Reperiebantur ſolo & parietibus erutæ humanorum corporum reliquiæ, carmina & devotiones, & nomen Germanici plumbeis tabulis inſculptum, ſemiuſti cineres & tabe obliti, aliaq; maleficia quibus creditur animas Numinibus inferni ſacrari. Malleus Maleficarum*, and *Wierus* are full of examples of uſing Images in Witchcraft. *Hor. lib.* 1 *Sat.* 8. mentions both Waxen and Woolen Images, *Lanea & effigies erat altera cerea*, &c. *Ovid. Epiſt. Hypſipyle* to *Jaſon, Devovet abſentes ſimulacráq; cerea fingit. Hor.* 18. *Epod. Quæ movere cereas imagines*, Ovid. *Amor.* 7. *Eleg.* 6. *Sagave puniceâ defixit nomina cerâ.* f *Ovid. Ibid. Et medium tenues in jecur urget acus. Id. Ep.* before quoted, following that Verſe, *Et miſerum tenues in jecur urget acus.* See *Bodin. Dæmonoman. lib.* 2. *cap.* 8. a great deal of ſtuff to this purpoſe. One in my memory had this kind of Witchcraft ſworn againſt her at the *Old-bayley*, before *Steel*, Recorder of *London.* g *Hor. lib.* 1. *Satur* 8. *de Canidia & Sagana, Pullam divellere mordicus agnam cœperunt, Ovid metam.* 7. *cultroſq; in guttur velleris atri conjucit & patulas perfundit ſanguine foſſas.* h All Witches, ancient and modern, are ſaid to have one preſiding at their conventions which they honour with a Title. *Apuleius* mentions the *Regina ſagarum*; & *Delrio. Diſq. Mag. lib.* 2. *quæſt.* 9. and this is found in all late examinations of Witches. i *Deber* is ſaid to be the Dæmon of the night, that flies about and does miſchief, and principally in Tempeſts. *Pet. de Loyer de ſpectris*, in Engliſh, page 14. And *Bodin, lib.* 2. *cap.* 4. ſays, *Deber* is the Dæmon of the night, and *Cheleb* of the day. k. For their rites in their imaginary raiſing of Storms, ſee *Bod. lib.* 2. *cap.* 8. *Remigius Dæmonolat. lib.* 1. *cap.* 25. and *cap.* 29. alſo *Delrio. lib.* 2. *Quæſt.* 1. enumerates a great many odd rites (different from the following.) For troubling the Air, and bringing Darkneſs, Thunder, Rain, Hail, *&c.* ſee *Nider* in his *Formicarium, cap.* 4. *Olaus de gentibus ſeptentrionalibus, lib.* 3. *ſub titulo de Magis & Maleficis Finnorum*, alſo *Malleus Maleficarum. Wierus de præſt. Dæm. lib.* 3. *cap.* 16. deſcribes at large the way of raiſing a Storm. Speaking of the illuſions of the Devil towards Witches,

he

he says, *Itaq; eas instruit ut quandoq; silices post tergum occidentem versus projiciant, aliquando ut arenam aquæ torrentis in aream projiciant, plerumq; scopas in aquam intingant cœlumq; versus spargant, vel fossulâ factâ & lotio infuso vel aquâ digitum* (others say, *digitum vel baculum*) *commoveant; subinde in olla porcorum pilos* (or as others say, *Setas porcinas*) *bulliant; nonnunquam trabes vel ligna in ripa transverse collocant.* See *Scot.* p. 60. he adds the use of rotten Sage. l *Lucan, lib. 6. Miratur Erictho has satis licuisse moras, iratq; morti Verberat immotum vivo serpente cadaver,* l use live Serpents here upon another occasion. m For these confused noises *Lucan* in the same Book, *Tunc vox Letheis cunctis pollentior herbis excantare Deos, confudit murmura primùm dissona, & humanæ multùm discordia linguæ. Latratus habet illa canum gemitusq; Luporum; quod trepidus bubo, quod strix nocturna quæruntur, quod strident ululántq; fere, quod sibilat anguis,* &c. *Tot rerum vox una fuit:* See the latter part of the Notes in the second Act, about the raising of Tempests: If you be so curious, you may find something in all Authors that treat of Witches, and many of 'em] mention one *Ericus* King of *Sweeden*, who, as they believe, could do it by Magick, as does *Delrio, Remigius*, and *Ludwigus, Elich Dæmonomagiæ, Quæstio, 6. Silvest. Prierias de ord. Prædicatorum, de Strigimagis*, discourses of the power of Witches in raising Storms: and *Guaccius compendium Maleficarum, Goddelmannus, Bartholomeus Spineus*, and many more.

ACT. II.

Enter *Isabella* and *Smerk.*

Isab. *HOW this insolence proves me!* [aside.
You are not sure in earnest! [to him.

Smerk. *Can any one behold those radiant Eyes,*
And not have sentiments of Love like mine?

Isab. *This fellow has read Romances as well as School-men.*

Smerk. *Those eyes to which mine are Burning-Glasses*
That to my Heart convey the Fire of Love,

Isab. *What a Fustian Fool's this! Is this language*
For a Divine?

Smerk. *Are not Divines made of those Elements*
Which make up other Men? Divines may be
In Love I hope.

Isab. *And may they make Love to the Daughter, without*
The consent of the Father?

Smerk. *Undoubted, as Casuists must determine.*

Isab. *Will not common sense, without a Casuist, tell*
Us when we do wrong, if so, the Law we are
Bound to, is not plain enough.

Smerk. *Submit to the judgment of Divines, (sweet Lady).*
Marriage is not an Ordinance made by Parents,
But from above deriv'd; and 'tis for that I sue.

Isab. *Is it not fit I should obey my Father?*

Smerk. *O no, sweet Lady, move it not to him,*
Your Father has not reverence enough
For the Church and Churchmen
Besides, I'll tell you,
He is Atheistically inclin'd: pardon my boldness;
For he believes no Witches: But, Madam, if my
Poor Person and my Parts may seem gracious to you,

You

You lawfully may chuſe me to make happy.

Iſab. *Your Perſon needs muſt pleaſe; 'Tis aimable.*

Smerk. *Ah ſweet Madam!*

Iſab. *Your parts beyond exception, neat, ſpruce, florid, And very diverting.*

Smerk. *No, no, dear Madam.*

Iſab. *Who can behold your Face without pleaſure? or Conſider your parts without Reverence?*

Smerk. *O Lord, I ſwear you poſe me with your great Civilities: I profeſs you do.*

Iſab. *'Tis impoſſible you ſhould keep long from being Dignified.*

Smerk. *'Tis that I mainly aim at next the enjoyment of ſo fine a Lady.*

Iſab. *May I flatter my ſelf to think you are in earneſt?*

Smerk. *You may, moſt excellent Lady.*

Iſab. *And ſo am I.* { She gives him a box on the Ear.

Smerk. *Sweet Madam, I recive you as a Bleſſing on my Knees.*

Iſab. *Thou moſt inſolent of Pedants, thou ſilly formal Thing with a ſtiff plain Band, a little parſonical Grogram, and a Girdle thou art ſo proud of, in which thou wouldſt do well to hang thy ſelf; ſome have vouchſafed to uſe it for that purpoſe: Thou that never wert but a Curate,---a Journey-man Divine, as thy Father was a Journey-man Taylor, before he could ſet up for himſelf, to have the impudence to pretend Love to me!*

Smerk. *My function yet, I ſay, deſerves more reverence.*

Iſab. *Does it make you not an Aſs, or not a Taylors Son?*

Smerk. *It equals me with the beſt of Gentry.*

Iſab. *How, Arrogance! Can any power give Honour but the Kings? This is Popery, I'll have you trounc'd. Could it once enter into thy vain pate, that I could be contented with the pitiful equipage of a Parſon's Wife? Bleſs me! to be carried home to an antique building, with narrow windows, with huge Iron-bars, like an old Gaol in ſome Country Burrough, wickedly abus'd too with dilapidations. To lye in* Darneux *Curtains, and a Beds-Teſter carv'd with Idolatrous Images, out of two load of old Timber: or to have for a Friend, or a lying in one better, one of worſted Chamblet, and to be dreſt and undreſt by my Cookmaid, who is my Woman and my Chambermaid, and ſerves me and the Hogs.*

Smerk. *I intend none of theſe. I aſſure you my Houſe ſhall be—*

Iſab. *I know what it will be: your Parlour hung with Green printed ſtuff, of the new faſhion, with gilt Leather in panes, a fingers breadth at leaſt, ſtuft up with a great many ſtinking* Ruſſia *Leather Chairs, and an odious Carpet of the ſame: Then Shelves on one ſide of your Crimney for a pare of Tables, a Cheſs-board, your frame of Wax Candle and Tabaco-pipes.*

Smerk. *No, no, no, Madam.*

Iſab. *On the other ſide, Shelves for huge Folioes, by which you would be counted a great read man; vaſt large volumes of Expoſitions upon a ſhort Creed; ſome twenty folio's upon the Ten Commandments;* Lauds, Heylins, Andrews, *and* Tom Fuller's *works, with perhaps a piece of* Auſtin, *to ſhew you underſtand a Little* Latin; *and this is your Eccleſiaſtical furniture, very fit for a Gentlewomans eating Room, is it not?*

Smerk

Smerk. *I understand the Mode, Madam, and contemn such vulgar O*[v] tough meat.

Isab. *And in this Parlour to eat Five Tithe-Pigs in a week, brought in* Sir *Jeffery* will *Chamber-maid, Wash-maid, Cook-maid, &c. And if it be not a working da*[m] so sleepy, I *by your Groom, Ploughman, Carter, Butler, Tithe-gatherer, all in one, with F*[g] of Love *Shoes; his head new kemb'd and stick'd, with a starch'd Band and no Cuffs.*

Smerk. *My merits will provide you better, please to hear me.*

Isab. *Yes, I know your merits. Then to quibble with you, for my desert, your Ba*[king] to *of half an Acre, with some Sixteen Trees of Marygold and Sweeting-Apples, Horse-Plu and Warden-Pears, hem'd in with pains of antique crumbling Clay; where I should hav six Hives of Bees, and you a Mare and Foal, going with a Peacock and Hen.*

Smerk. *All these I much despise, would you hear.*

Isab. *Hear! yes, how I should have nothing to entertain my Visitors with, but stu'd Prunes and Honycombs, and flying Ale, botled with Limon-pill, witout all sight of Wine. And should I march abroad to visit, 'twould be behind my Cononical Husband, perhaps upon a piedbald Mare big with Foal, holding both hands upon his Girdle, and when at place appointed I arrive, for want of Groom, off slips my nimble Husband first, then helps me down. And now Fool I have painted thee, and what thou art to trust to in thy colours.*

Smerk. *I beseech you, Madam, moderate pour passions: Hear my propitisions.*

Isab. *No, Impudence, my Father shall hear 'em.*

Smerk. *I beseech you, Madam, for Heavens sake, that will undo me. I shall desist, I shall desist* [Ex. Isabella.

Enter *Susan* the Chambermaid.

Good lack, how a man may be mistaken! I durst ha sworn, by her courtesie and frequent smiles, she had been in love with me.

Susan. sweet Sir, what is befallen you? has my Lady anger'd you? If she can, her heart is not like mine.

Smerk. Nothing, Mrs. *Susan*, nothing but to be thus despised. [*to himself.*

Susan. Dear Sir, can I serve you in any thing? I am bound. I ne're have been so elevated by any man; methinks I never should have enough of your powerful Ministry, Sweet Sir.

Smerk. Pish! if she tells her Father, I am ruin'd. [*To himself.*

Susan. Dear man, now, come drive away this sadness.
Come, give me thy hand; let's sit down and be merry.

Smerk. How! my hand! go too.
This creature is in Love with me: But shall my prodigious natural parts, and no less amazing acquisitions in Metaphysicks and School Divinity be cast upon a Chambermaid? Farewell, I must not be too familiar. [*Exit.*

Susan. So, scornful Cruel creature, I will soften thee yet. * Have I for thee fate days and nights cross Legg'd, and sigh'd before thou cam'st hither? And fasted on S. *Agnes* night for thee? And since thy coming have tied three colour'd True Lovers Knots, quill'd thy Cuffs, and starch'd thy Band my self, and never fail'd thee of thy morning Caudle or Jelly Broth? have I already put my Hair and Nails in Powder in thy Drink, and put a live Fish in a part about till it died, and then gave it thee to eat, and all for this! Well, I will mollifie thee. And Mother *Demdike* shall help me to morrow: I'll to her, and discourse her about it: If I have breath I cannot live without him.

You lawfully r

Isab. *Yo* *Enter Sir* Edward Hartfort *and his Son.*

Smerk*d. Susan*, Go tell my Cousin *Theodosia*, I would speak with her.

Isab. will Sir. [*Exit.*

*And v*ar. Pshaw, now must I be troubled with making Love, a duce take it for

Sm ad rather be a Coursing an 'twere time o'th' day.

I *Edw.* Now. Son, for your own good and my satisfaction, I would have you

C her Father and I am agreed) to settle this business, and marry with *Theodosia* th all the speed that can be.

Yo. *Har.* What hast Sir? for my part I care not for Marriage, not I. I love my Neighbours, a Cup of Ale, and my sports, I care for nought else.

Sir *Edw.* (But that thy Mother was too vertuous for my supicion) I should think that by thy sordid mind thou wert a Stranger to my Blood; and, if you be not rul'd by me, assure your self I'll make you a stranger to my Estate.

Yo. *Har.* What does he mean now? hah, to disinherit me?

Sir *Edw.* No part of it's entail'd; and if you will not marry where I direct you your Sister will obey me, and may bring me one to inherit it. Consider that.

Enter *Theodosia*

Here comes your Mistress, beautiful and good as any of her Sex. Sweet Cousin, be pleas'd to stay one moment with my Son: I'le wait on you again. [*Exit.*

Theo. Your Servant Sir. How shall I be entertai'd by this Dolt! how much rather had he be with Country Justices and Farmers, in a low Thatch'd House, with a smooth Black Pot of Ale in his hand, or with his Kites, Dogs and Cattel?

Yo. *Har.* What a Devil shall I say to her now? I had as lieve knock my head against the wall as make Love. Will you please to sit down Cousin?

Theo. Ay Cousin. And fall fast a-sleep if I can. [*Aside.*

Yo *Har.* 'Twas a great Storm, and rose very suddainly to night, Cousin.

Theo. Very true.

Yo. *Har.* Pox I don't know what to say to her. [*Aside.*

'Tis almost over tho' now. [*To her.*

Theo. 'Tis so.

Yo. *Har.* 'Tis so, What a Devil shall I say more? Would I were at six go downs upon reputation, in Ale, witout honest Tom *Shaklehead.* [*Aside.*

What do you think 'tis a Clock, Madam? [*To her*

Theo. Six minutes past eight by mine.

Yo. *Har.* Mine goes faster. Is yours *Aspenwolds?*

Theo No, *Tompions*

Yo. *Har.* 'Tis a very pretty one! Pish I can go no farther, not I.

Theo, 'Tis Bed-time.

Yo. *Har.* Ay so it is, and I am main sleepy by'r Lady,
Coursing had gotten me a woundy Stomack,
And I eat like a Swine, Faith and Troth.

Theo. But it is got nothing to your Stomach.

Yo *Har.* You have heard the story, we cours'd a Witch all day instead of a Hair; Mother *Demdick.*

Theo.

Theo. 'Tis well you did not catch her, she would have been very tough meat.

Yo. *Har.* Ha, ha, ha, well, I vow that's very well. But I hope Sir *Jeffery* will hang the Witch; I am sure she has tired my Dogs and me so, that I am so sleepy I can scarce hold up my head by'r Lady.

Theo. I am tired too: This dulness is almost as tedious as his making of Love would be.

Yo. *Har.* If 'twould hold up now, we should have fine Weather for Hawking to morrow and then have at the Powts.

Theo. Your Hawks would not fly at Mother *Demdike* too.

Yo. *Har.* Nay, marry I cannot tell: But would you would go a Hawking, you should ride upon a Pad of mine, should carry you with a Bumper in your Hand, and not spill a drop.

Theo. I am for no Field Sports, I thank you Sir.

Yo. *Har.* Now can't I speak a word more. [*They pause.*

Theo. Now methinks we are meer Man and Wife already, without marrying for the matter. Ha, he's a-sleep, and snores like the Base-pipe of an Organ: Tho' I like his indifference better than I should his Love; yet I have no patience to bear sleeping in my Face; that's a little too much.

Yo. *Har.* Oh Lord, what's that! Oh Mother *Demdike!* Oh, oh, the Witch, the Witch!

Theo. He talks in his sleep, I believe, e'en as well, as when he's awake.

Yo. *Har.* Murder, murder, oh help, the Witch; oh the Witch, oh, oh, Mother *Demdike.*

Theo. He talks and dreams of the Witch: I'll try a trick with him.

[*She pulls the Chair from under him. Et exit.*

Yo. *Har.* Oh help, help, the Witch, the Witch, ay there she vanish't: I saw her, oh she flew up the Chimney. I'll go to Sir *Jeffery*, and take my Oath presently. Oh I am sore frightned.

Enter Isabella.

Oh the Witch, the Witch, Mother *Demdike* [*Exit.* Yo. *Har*

Isab. What ail's the Fool, is he mad? Here's a Coil with Witches.

Enter Sir Jeffery, Lady Shacklehead *and Sir* Timothy.

Sir *Tim.* Oh Madam, are you there? I have done your errand.

L. *Sha.* Your Servaut Cousin.

Isab. Your Ladyships humble Servant.

La. *Sha.* Look you Cousin, Lady me no Ladies, unless you be civiller to Sir *Timothy.*

Sir *Tim.* Look you there.

Sir *Jeff.* I suppose you are not ignorant who we are.

La. *Sha.* Nay, prithee, Sir *Jeffery*, hold; let me alone.

Sir *Jeff.* Nay, go on my Dear, thou shalt have it; well, thou art as notable a woman as any is within fifty miles of thy Head, I'll say that for thee.

La. *Sha.* Pray Cousin conceive me, breeding is a fine thing; but you have allways liv'd in that Country: I have, for my part, been often at *London*, lodg'd in *Covent-Garden*, ay, and been in the drawing Room too. Poor Creature, she does not know what that is.

Sir *Jeff.* Pray mind my Chicken, she's the best bred Woman in that Country.

La. *Sha.* Pray spare me, Sir *Jeffery*, here's Sir *Timothy*, I have bred him with great Care and Charges at *Oxford*, and the Inns of Court.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, and I have been in the drawing Room too.

La. *Sha.* I have gotten him Knighted too, for mine and Sir *Jefferies* services, which we have perform'd in governing the Country about us so well.

Isab. What does your Ladyship drive at?

Sir *Tim.* Ay, you know well enough: Now look as though Butter would not melt in your Mouth.

La. *Sha.* Besides, let me tell you, Sir *Timothy*'s Person's as charming as another's; his shape and height perfect, his Face, though I say it, exceeding good, his Eyes vigorous and sparkling, his Nose and Chin resembling our Family; in short, Nature has not been negligent in his Composition.

Sir *Jeff.* Well, thou art the best spoken Woman in *England*, I'll say that for thee.

Isab. I confess all this, Madam.

Sir *Tim.* Oh! do you so?

La. *Sha.* Pray give me leave, not one Knight in the Land dresses better, or wears better fansied Garniture, or better Perriwigs.

Sir *Tim.* My Trimming's my own Fancy; and the best Wig-maker in *England*, one in *Crooked-lane* works for me.

La. *Sha.* Hold, Sir *Timothy*, I say these things premis'd, it is not fit to use my Son uncivilly: I am loth to complain to your Father, consider, and be wise. I know we are politickly coy, that's decent, I my self was so to Sir *Jeffery*.

Sir *Jeff.* Ay, by'r Lady was she. Well, I thought I should never have won thee: Thou wert a parlous Girl.

La. *Sha.* But I was never uncivil.

Isab. I know not what you mean! I uncivil to my dear Cousin; what makes thee think so? I assure your Ladyship I value him as he deserves. What, Cousin, art angry for a jest? I thing no man like him for my part.

Sir *Jeff.* Why, look, you Sir *Tim.*

La. *Sha.* Nay, Sir *Timothy*, you are to blame, Justice shews ones kindness, go too.

Sir *Tim.* I swear and vow, I thought you had been in earnest, Cousin. I am your humble Servant.

La. *Sha*, Well, wee'l leave you together.

Sir *Jeff.* Come on, Boy, stand up to her, 'Gad I bore up briskly to thy Mother before I won her. Ah, when I was young, I would have--Well, no more to be said.

La. *Sha.* Come, come away, you will have your saying! [*Exeunt Lady and Sir Jeff.*

Sir *Tim.* Well, but have you so good an opinion of me as you declar'd? hum--

Isab. The very same, I assure you.

Sir *Tim.* Ah, my dear pretty Rogue! Then I'll marry you preſently, and make you a Lady.

Iſab. Let me ſee, are they out of hearing?

Sir *Tim.* Come ſeth, let's kiſs upon that buſineſs, here's a Parſon in the Houſe; nay, ſeth, I muſt kiſs thee, my dear little Rogue.

Iſab. Stand off Baboon, nay, a Baboon of good parts exceeds thee; Thou Maggot, Inſect, worſe than any naſty thing the Sun is Father to.

Sir *Tim.* What! do you begin to call Names again? but this is in Jeſt too, prithee let me kiſs thee, pray dear, ſeth do.

Iſab. In Jeſt! Heaven is my witneſs there's not a living thing upon two Legs I would not chuſe before Thee.

Sir *Tim.* Holloo, where's Sir *Jeffery* and my *Lady*?

Iſab. They are out of thy hearing Oaph. S'life how darſt thou be ſo impudent to love me with that Face, that can provoke nothing but laughter at beſt in any one? Why, thou haſt the Rickets in thy face: There's no proportion, every Feature by it ſelf is abominable; and put together Intollerable. Thou haſt the very Lines and air of a Pig's Face; *Baptiſta porta* would have drawn thee ſo.

Sir *Tim.* Hah, What do you ſay? my Face! I'll not change Faces with e'er a man in *Lancaſhire*. Face! talk of Face, Hah!

Iſab. Thou art uglier than any Witch in *Lancaſhire*, and if thou wert in Womans Clothes, thy own Father would apprehend thee for one: Thy Face! I never ſaw ſo deform'd a thing on the head of an old *Lyra Viol*. It might fright Birds from a Cherry Garden: But what elſe 'tis good for, I know not.

Sir *Tim.* 'Sbud, now you provoke me, I muſt tell you, I think my ſelf as handſome for a Man, as you are for a Woman.

Iſab. Oh, foh, out upon that filthy viſage, My Maid with her Sizers in two minutes ſhall cut me a better in brown Paper. There is not a Creature upon Earth but is a Beauty to thee; beſides, thou haſt a hollow Tooth would cure the Mother beyond *Aſſa fetida*, or burnt Feathers.

Enter *Theodoſia*.

Sir *Tim.* Well, well, You'l ſing another Note when I have acquainted your Father, you will.

Iſab. Thou lieſt: I will not: if I were condemn'd to Death, I would not take a pardon to marry thee. Set thy Fools Heart at reſt then, and make no more nauſeous Love to me. Thy Face to one faſting would give a Vomit beyond *Crocus*.

Sir *Tim.* You are a proud, peeviſh Minx, and that's the beſt of you. Let me tell you that, hum. I can have your betters every day I riſe.

Theo. How now! what ſays the Fool?

Sir *Tim.* Uds Ludlikins, huſwife, if you provoke me I'll take you o' the Pate.

Iſab. Thou odious, loathſome Coxcomb, out of my ſight, or I'll tear thy Eyes out.

Sir *Tim.* Coxcomb! ha, ha, ha; ah thou art a good one. Well, I ſay no more.

Iſab. Da, da, pretty thing!

Enter

Enter Sir *Edward*, *Bellfort* and *Doubty*.

Sir *Edw.* Gentlemen, the ſtorm has oblig'd me that drove you under my Roof, I knew your Fathers well, we were in *Italy* together, and all of us came home with our Engliſh Religion, and our Engliſh Principles. During your ſtay here (which for my own ſake I hope will not be ſhort) command my Houſe: let not your Dogs and Servants lie at *Whalley*; but be pleas'd to know this Houſe is yours, and you will do me honour in commanding it.

Bell. This generoſity makes good the Character that all men give of you.

Doubt. A Character that *England* rings with, and all men of never ſo differing opinions agree in.

Sir *Edw.* Gentlemen, you do me too much Honour; I would endeavour to imitate the life of our Engliſh Gentry before we were corrupted with the baſe manners of the *French*.

Bell. If all had had that noble reſolution, long ſince we had curb'd the greatneſs of that Monarch.

Iſab. What are theſe Apparitions, hah, *Doubty* and *Bellfort*.

Theo. They are they indeed. What ailes my Heart to beat ſo faſt?

Iſab. Methinks mine is a little too buſie here.

Sir *Edw.* Gentlemen, here is my Daughter and her Kinſwoman, I think you ſaw 'em laſt Summer at *Scarborough*.

Bell. We did, Sir, [*They ſalute 'em.*

Doubt. We little thought to have the honour of ſeeing ſo fine Ladies this night.

Enter Servant, and whiſpers to Sir Edward.

Bell. We could not expect this happineſs, till next Seaſon at the Waters.

Sir *Edw.* What ſtory is this? My Son almoſt frighted out of his Wits with a Witch! Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for a Moment. [*Ex. Sir Edward and Servant.*

Both. Your Humble Servant.

Iſab. Nothing could be more unexpected than ſeeing you here!

Theo. Pray Gentlemen, how did you come?

Doubt. Travelling for *Whalley*, where I told you, Madam, in my Letters, I would ſuddenly be, we loſt our way by the darkneſs of the night, and wander'd till we came near this Houſe, whither an honeſt Country fellow brought us for ſhelter from this dreadful Tempeſt.

Bell. And your Father is pleas'd to admit a brace of ſtray-fellows with the greateſt civility in the World: But Madam, coming ſafe to ſhoar, after a Shipwrack, could not bring ſuch joy to me, as I find in ſeeing you. [*To Iſab.*

Doubt. The Sun, to a man left a Winter at *Greenland*, could not be ſo raviſhing a ſight, as you dear Madam are to me. [*To Theo.*

Theo. This is Knight Errantry indeed.

Iſab. Methinks they talk Romance too. But 'tis too late if they be in earneſt; for the Dames are diſpoſed of.

Bell. } How, Married!
Doubt. }

Iſab. Not executed, but condemn'd!

Theo.

Theo. Beyond all hopes of Mercy.

Doubt. Death, Madam, you ſtruck me to the Heart; I felt your Words here.

Bell. My Heart was juſt at my Mouth, if you had not ſtopt it with this Cordial, 't had flown. I may live now in hope of a reprieve for you.

Iſab. Our Fathers will never conſent to that.

Theo. Mine will not I am ſure. I have a Mother, to boot, more obſtinate than he.

Doubt. If they be ſo mercileſs, ſelf preſervation, the great Law of Nature will juſtifie your eſcape.

Bell. We Knight Errants, as you call us, will reſcue you I warrant you.

Iſab. But if we leave our Fools, our Fathers will leave us.

Bell. If you loſe your Father, Madam, you ſhall find one that will value you infinitely more, and love you more tenderly.

Doubt. And you, Madam, ſhall meet with one, whoſe Perſon and whoſe fortune ſhall be always at your command.

Theo. We grow a little too ſerious about this matter.

Iſab. 'Tis from Matrimony we would fly! Oh 'tis a dreadful thing.

Bell. This hereſie can never be defended by you: a Man muſt be blind that inclines to that opinion before you.

Enter Sir Edward, Smerk, Servants.

Sir *Edw.* Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, be pleas'd to walk into the next Room, and take a ſmall Collation to refreſh you ſelves.

Bell. Your humble Servant.

Sir *Edw.* This Country Fellow that led you hither, tells me tail of Witches, and here's an uproar in my Family, and they ſay this place is haunted with them; I hope you have no faith in thoſe things.

Doubt. When I hear a very ſtrange Story, I always think 'tis more likely he ſhould lie that lells it me, than that ſhould be true.

Sir *Edw.* 'Tis a good rule for our belief. [*Exeunt.*

Smerk. My blood riſes at them, Theſe are damn'd Hobbiſts and Atheiſts, I'd have 'em burnt in *Smithfield.*

Iſab. Well, theſe Gentlemen may perhaps go to their Servants and Horſes at *Whalley* to morrow, where they muſt ſtay ſometime before we ſee 'em again.

Theod. We are ruin'd then: For this Marriage will be ſo preſſed upon us, now the Writings are ſealed, and Cloths bought, we ſhall have no way to delay it, but downright breaking with our Fathers.

Iſab. I am reſolv'd to conſult with the Gentlemen this night whatever come on't.

Theo. How canſt thou poſſibly bring it about, my Dear?

Iſab. I warrant thee, a Womans wit will naturally work about theſe matters. Come my Dear. [*Ex. omnes.*

The Scene Sir *Edward*'s Cellar.

Enter all the Witches, and the Devil in the form of a Buck-Goat after.

Demd. Lo here our little [a] Maſter's come.
Let each of us [b] ſalute his Bum. [*All kiſs the Devil's Arſe.*

See

See our Provisions ready here,
To which no [c] Salt must e'er come near. [*Tables rise.*
M. Spen. Who draws the Wine?
Demd. Our [d] Brooms shall do't.
Go thou.
Dicken. And thou.
Harg. And thou.
Mal. Spen. And thou. [*Their Brooms all march off and fetch Bottles.*
Devil. [e] What have ye done for my delight?
Relate the Service of the night.
Demd. To a Mothers Bed I softly crept,
And while th'unchristn'd Brat yet slept,
[f] I suckt the breath and [g] bloud of that,
And stole anothers flesh and fat,
Which I will boyl before it stink;
The thick for Ointment, thin for Drink
I'll keep———
[h] From a Murderer that hung in Chains
I bit dry'd Sinews and shrunk Veins.
Marrow and Entrails I have brought,
A piece o'th' Gibbet too I got,
And of the Rope the fatal Knot.
I sunk a Ship and in my flight
I kickt a steeple down to Night.
Devil. Well done my Dame, Ho, ho, ho, ho!
Dick. [i] To Gibbets I flew, and Dismal Caves,
To Charnel Houses and to Graves.
[k] Bones I got, and Flesh enough,
From dead mens Eyes the glewy Stuff,
Their Eye-balls with my nails scoop'd out,
And pieces of their Limbs I've brought——
[l] A Brat ith' Mothers Womb I slew:
The Fathers neck I twisted too.
Dogs barkt, Cocks crow'd, away I flew.
Devil. A good Servant, Ho, ho, ho!
Harg. [m] Flesh from a Raven in a Ditch
I snatcht, and more from a ravenous Bitch.
[n] 'Mongst Tombs I search'd for Flesh and Bone,
[o] With hair about my Ears alone.
[p] Fingers, Noses, and a Wen.
And the bloud of murder'd Men,
[q] A mad Dogs Foam and a Wolves Hairs,
A Serpents Bowels, Adders Ears,
I put in my pouch; and coming back,
The Bells in a Steeple I did crack.

I sent

I sent the murren into Hogs,
And drove the Kine into the Bogs.
Devil. 'Tis well, 'tis well, Ho, ho, ho.
M. Spen. To make up love Cups I have sought
A Wolf's Tayl-hair and Yard; I've got
The green Frogs Bones, whose flesh was ta'n
From thence by Ants; then a Cat's Brain;
The r bunch of Flesh from a black Fole's Head,
Just as his Dam was brought to Bed,
Before she lickt it; and I have some
Of that which falls from a t Mare's Womb
When she's in Lust; and as I came home
I put a Woman into fits,
And frighted a Parson out of his Wits. [*Dance.*
Devils. All's well. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

Song. 1.

WHat joy like ours can mortals find?
We can command the Sea and Wind:
All Elements our Charms obey,
And all good things become our Prey;
The daintiest Meat, and lustiest Wine,
We for our Sabbaths still design.
'Mongst all the great Princes the Sun shall e'er (see,
None can be so great, or so happy as we.

2.

We Sail in Egg-shells on rough Seas,
And see strange Countries when we please!
Or on our Besomes we can fly,
And nimbly mounting to the Sky,
We leave the swiftest Birds behind,
And when we please out-strip the Wind:
Then we feast and we revel after long flight,
Or with a Lov'd Incubus sport all the night,

3.

When we'er on Wing, we sport and play,
Mankind, like Emmets, we survey;
With Lightening blast, with Thunder kill,
Cause Barrenness where e'er we will.
Of full Revenge we have the Power;
And Heaven it self can have no more.
Here's a health to our Master the Prince of the Flies,
Who commands from Centre all up to the Skies.

All. u Harr, harr, harr, hoo, hoo, sabath, sabath, sabath, Devil, Devil, Devil, dance here, dance there, play here, play there, harr, harr, harr, hoo, hoo, hoo—
Act ends. [*They all sink and vanish.*

Notes upon the Second Act.

*For the Chamber-maids superstition, p. 18. see *Burchard Decret.* Amongst his questions about Confession, where this is found, *Feci*sti quod quædam mulieres facere solent: Tollunt Piscem vivum, & mittunt eum in puerperium suum, & tam diu eum ibi teneant, donec mortuus fuerit, & decocto pisce vel assato, maritis suis ad comedendum tradunt, ideo faciunt hoc, ut plus in amorem earum exardescant: si feci*sti, duos annos per legitimas Ferias paniteas. For the Knots, *Virg. Eclog.* 8. *Nectle tribus nodis ternos Amarylli colores, Nectle Amarylli modo, & Veneris, dic, vincula necto.*

u They call the Devil that calls them to their Sabbaths or Feasts, Little *Martin*, or little Master. *Delrio Disquis. Mag. quest.* 16. *lib.* 2. and *Bodin Demonoman. lib.* 2. *cap.* 4. have the same relation out of *Paulus*

lus Grillandus. He is said to call them with a humane voice, but to appear in the shape of a Buck-Goat; *Evocabatur voce quâdam velut humanâ ab ipso dæmone, quem non vocant dæmonem sed magisterulum, aliæ Martinettum hunc, sive Martinellum.* And a little after, *Et statim hircus ille ascendebat per aerem, &c.* Almost all Authors that speak of Witches-Sabbaths, say, that he is call'd *Martinetus* or *Magisterulus*, and that he appears in form of a Buck-Goat. About their Sabbaths, see *Nicolaus Remigius, lib. 1. cap.* 14. *Philippo Ludwidg. Elich. Dæmonomagiæ, Quæst.* 10. *Solent ibi convenire cum dicta Larva Dæmonem, Synagogæ Præsidem & Rectorem in solio considentem, immutatum in Hircum horridum: Guaccius compendium Maleficarum, Lib.* 1. *cap.* 13. *Ibi Dæmon est conventus præses in solio sedet forma terrificâ ut plurimum Hirci, &c.* b Kissing the Devil's Buttocks is a part of the homage they pay the Devil, as *Bodin* says Doctor *Edlin* did, a *Sorbon* Doctor; Who was burn'd for a Witch. *Scot* also quotes one *Dæus*, whom I never read, for kissing the Devil's Buttocks. About kissing the Devil's Buttocks, see further, *Guaccius* in the fore-quoted Chapter, *Ad signum homagii eum (S. dæmonem) podice osculantur*, Ludwigus *Elich. quæst.* 10. *Deinde quod homagii est indicium (honor' sit Auribus) ab iis ingerendæ sunt oscula Dæmonis podici.* c The Devil will have no Salt in his Meat, *Ludwigus Elich. Quæst.* 7. *pag.* 113. As also *Guaccius, cap.* 13. The Devil loves no Salt in his Meat, says *Bodin, Dæm. lib.* 3. *cap.* 5. because it is an emblem of Eternity, and used by God's Command in Sacrifices, and quotes *Levit.* 2. for that; which is a notable reason. d *Lucian* in his Dialogue of Φιλοψευδεῖς, or the Lovers of lies (as all Witchwongers are) makes one of his Sages *Eucrates*, tells how he learn'd of *Pancrates* an *Egyptian* Magician that travell'd with him, to make a Staff run of Errands and bring things to him, and that he in the absence of the Magician commanded a Staff to fetch him Water, and not having learn'd the art of conjuring it down again, it brought Water so often that he feared it would have drowned the Room; he cut it in two peices, and then both those peices fetch'd Water till the *Egyptian* came and conjur'd 'em down. e They are always at their meetings exámin'd by the Devil, or the Dame, what service they have done. *Remigius Dæmonolat. lib.* 1. *cap.* 22. *Quemadmodum solent Heri in Villicis Procuratoribus, &c. Ita Dæmon in suis comitiis quod tempus examinandis cujusque rebus & actionibus ipse constituit, &c.* Speaking of Witches. f See *Malleus Maleficarum, Tom.* 2. of Witches being transform'd into Cats, and sucking the breath and blood of Children. g *Ovid Fast. lib.* 6. says of *Striges*, which modern Witchmongers call Witches, *Nocte volant, pueroque petunt nutricis egentes, & vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis. Carpere dicuntur lactentia viscera rostris, & plenum poto sanguine guttur habent. Wierus, lib. ultimo de Lamiis, cap.* 6. relates from one *Petrus*, a Judge in *Boltingen*, a place in the Countrey of *Bern*, the confession of a Witch thus, *Infantibus baptizatis vel nondum baptizatis insidiamur, &c. hos in cunabulis vel ad parentum latera jacentes cerimoniis nostris occidimus, quos, postquam putantur oppressi vel aliunde mortui, ex sepulchro clam suffuramur, & in olla decoquimus; de solidiore materia unguentum facimus nostris voluntatibus, actibus & transvectionibus commodum; de liquidiore vero humore utrem implemus, ex quo quicunque biberit:* See the Notes in the third Act. h *Remigius, lib.* 2. *Demonolat. cap.* 3. *Hæc & nostræ ætatis maleficis hominibus moris est facere, presertim si cujus supplicio affecti cadaver Exemplo datum est, & in crucem sublatum; nam non solum inde scortilegiis suis materiam maturantur, sed & ab ipsis carnificinæ instrumentis, reste, vinculis, pala, ferramentis, siquidem iis vulgi etiam opinione inesse ad incantationes magicas vim quandam & potestatem.* The *French* Gamesters are superstitious in this, and think that the noose of the Rope, that went about the Neck of one that was hang'd, will make them win. And here old women will prescribe a piece of the Gallows for a cure for an Ague. That the Ancients were superstitious in these things, see *Lucan, lib.* 6. *Laqueum nodosque nocentes ore suo rupit, pendentia corpora carpsit, abrasitque cruces perussaque viscera nimbis vulsit, & incoctas adusto sole medullas, incertum manibus chalybem, nigramque per artus stillantis tabi saniem virusque coactum sustulit, & morsus nervo retinente pependit.* For the use of dead bodies in Witchcraft, see *Apuleius, De aureo asino. lib.* 3 speaking of *Pamphile; Priusque apparatu solito instruxit feralem officinam.* Among other things, *Sepultorum cadaverum expositis multis admodum membris, hic nares, illic digiti, illic carnosi clavi pendentium, alibi trucidatorum servatus cruor.* i *Lucan* makes his Witch inhabit such places, *Desertaque busta incolit & tumulos expulsis obtinet umbris.* Agrippa *de occulta Philosophia, lib.* 1. *cap.* 48. *Saturno correspondent loca quævis fœtida, tenebrosa, subterranea, religiosa, funesta, ut cæmeteria, busta & hominibus deserta habitacula & vetustate caduca, loca obscura & horrenda, & solitaria antra, cavernæ, putei, &c.* And in his Third Book, *cap.* 42. *Aptissima loca plurimum experientia visionum nocturnalium, incursionum & consimilium phantasmatum, ut cæmeteria, & in quibus fieri solent executiones criminalis judicii, &c.* k Lucan, *lib.* 6. *Ast. ubi servantur saxis, quibus intimus humor ducitur, & tracta durescunt tabe medullæ. Corpora, tunc omnes avide desevit in artus, immersitque manus oculis, gaudetque gelatos effodisse orbes.* l *Nider* in his *Formicarium* mentions one that kill'd Seven Children in the Mother's Womb, by Witchcraft: This, he says was done by laying a *Lizard* under the Threshold, and that will cause abortion in every Female in the House: *Vid Formicar. cap.* 3. *Remigius* says, about the Cocks-crowing, that nothing is so hateful to the Witches when they are at their Charms, as the Cock-crowing; as one *Latomus*, a Witch, among other things confessed; and several other Authors mention it as very

hatefull

hateful to the Witches. m *Hor. Epod.* 5. amongst *Canidia's* materials reckons, *Ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ Canis.* And *Lucan, lib.* 6. of *Erictho. Et quodcunque jacet nudâ tellure cadaver ante feras volucresque sedet; nec carpere membra vult ferro manibusque suis morsque luporum expectat siccis raptura à faucibus artus.* n See *Apuleius* before cited. o *Ovid. Per tumulos errat sparsis distincta Capillis.* See the Notes of the third Act. p For the parts of the Body, the Wen and the blood of slain men, see *Apuleius* before quoted. q *Lucan. lib.* 6. *Huc quicquid fatu genuit natura siniſtro, Miscetur: Non spuma canum quibus unda timori est, Viscere non Lyncis, non duræ nodus Hyænæ defuit.* r For Philtres, See *Juvenal. Sat.* 6. *Hic Magicos affert cantus, hic Thessala vendit Philtra.* For this following potion, take the Words of *Wierus, de præstig. Dæm lib.* 3. *cap.* 37. *Inter amatoria ad hæc venena connumerantur, in extrema lupi cauda pilus, ejusque virga, remora piscículus, felis cerebrum & Lacertæ stellio cui stincus nomen est, item os de rana viridi in formicarum acervo exesa:* See *Pliny, lib.* 8. *cap.* 22. s This *Hippomanes* Pliny *in Nat. Hist.* and *Aristotle de Nat. Animal.* mention, and all the old Poets, *Virg. Æneid.* 4. *Queritur & nascentis equi de fronte revulsus, & matri præreptus amor.* See this described in *Wierus, lib.* 3. *c.* 37. *Ovid, lib.* 2. *De arte Amandi, Datque quod à teneri fronte revellit equi.* Lucan, *lib.* 6. *Nec noxia tantum Pocula proficiunt, aut quum turgentia succo Frontis amaturæ subducunt pignora fœtæ.* t Virg. 3. *Georg. Hinc demum hippomanes vero quod nomine dicunt Pastores, lentum distillat ab inguine virus.* Tibullus, *lib.* 1. *Eleg.* 4. *Hippomanes cupidæ stillat ab inguine Equæ.* Ovid. *lib.* 1. *Eleg.* 8. Upon a Bawd, *Seu bene quid gramen, quid torto concita rhombo licia, quid valeat virus amantis equæ.* Propert, *lib.* 4. (*in quandam Lænam*) *Consuluit striges nostro de sanguine & in me Hippomanes fœtæ semina legit Equæ.* In *Wier.* it is thus described, *Caruncula haud parum famosa, caricæ magnitudine, specia orbiculata, latiuscula, colore nigro, quæ in fronte nascentis pulli equini apparet, quam edito statim partu mater lambendo, abstergendoque devorat, & si præripiatur, animum à fœtu penitus aversum habet, nec eum ad ubera admittit.* u That they make these confused noises, see *Nandæus, Hist. Mag.* and *Pet. de Loyer de Spectris.* And that these shouts and these words are used by them, see *Scott. pag.* 42. and *Bodin, lib.* 2. *cap.* 4. This is to be found in *Remigius* and *Delrio*, and *M. Phi. Ludwigus, Elich.* out of them says, *quest.* 10. *Toto turba colluvieque pessima fescenninos in honorem dæmonum cantat obscœnissimos. Hæc canit.* Harr, harr, *illa Diabole, Diabole, salta huc, salta illuc, altera lude hic, lude illic, alia Sabaoth. Sabaoth, &c. immo clamoribus, sibilis, ululatibus, propicinis furit ac debacchatur.*

ACT. III.

Enter Sir *Edward Hartfort*, *Belfort* and *Doubty.*

Doubt. YOu have extreamly delighted us this Morning, by your House, Gardens, your Accommodation, and your way of Living; you put me in mind of the renowned *Sidney's* Admirable description of *Kalandar.*

Sir *Edw.* Sir you Complement me too much.

Bell. Methinks you represent to us the Golden days of Queen *Elizabeth*, such sure were our Gentry then; now they are grown servile Apes to foreign Customes, they leave off Hospitality, for which we were famous all over *Europe*, and turn Servants to Board wages.

Sir *Edw.* For my part, I love to have my Servants part of my Family, the other were, to hire day Labourers to wait upon me; I had rather my Friends, Kindred, Tenants and Servants should live well out of me, than Coach-makers, Taylors, Embroiderers, and Lace-men should: To be pointed at in the Streets, and have Fools stare at my Equipage, is a vanity I have always scorn'd.

Doubt. You speak like one descended from those Noble Ancestors that made *France* tremble, and all the rest of *Europe* honour 'em.

Sir *Edw.* I reverence the Memory of 'em,: But our new-fashion'd Gentry love the *French* too well to fight against 'em; they are bred abroad without knowing any

thing of our Constitution, and come home tainted with Foppery, slavish Principles, and Popish Religion.

Bell. They bring home Arts of Building from hot Countries to serve for our cold one; and frugality from those places where they have little Meat and small Stomachs, to suffice us who have great plenty and lusty Appetites.

Doubt. They build Houses with Halls in 'em, not so big as former Porches; Beggers were better entertain'd by their Ancestors, than their Tenants by them.

Sir *Edw.* For my part, I think 'twas never good days, but when great Tables were kept in large Halls; the Buttery Hatch always open, Black Jacks, and a good smell of Meat and *March*-Beer, with Dogs Turds and Marrow-bones as Ornaments in the Hall: These were signs of good House-keeping, I hate to see *Italian* fine Buildings with no Meat or Drink in 'em.

Bell. I like not their little Plates, methinks there's Vertue in an English Sur-loin.

Doubt. Our Sparks bring nothing but Foreign Vices and Follies home; 'tis ridiculous to be bred in one Country to learn to live in another.

Sir *Edw.* While we lived thus (to borrow a Coxcombly word) we made a better Figure in the World.

Bell. You have a mind that suits your Fortune, and can make your own Happiness.

Sir *Edw.* The greatest is the enjoyment of my Friends, and such worthy Gentlemen as your selves, and when I cannot have enough of that, I have a Library, good Horses, and good Musick.

Doubt. Princes may envy such an English Gentleman.

Sir *Edw.* You are too kind, *I am a true English-man, I love the Princes Rights and Peoples Liberties, and will defend them both with the last penny in my Purse, and the last drop in my Veins, and dare defie the witless Plots of Papists.*

Bell. Spoken like a noble Patriot.

Sir *Edw.* Pardon me, you talk like English-men, and you have warm'd me; I hope to see the Prince and People flourish yet, old as I am, in spite of Jesuits; I am sure our Constitution is the noblest in the World.

Doubt. Would there were enough such *English* Gentlemen.

Bell. 'Twere to be wisht; but our Gentry are so much Poysoned with Foreign Vanities, that methinks the Genius of *England* seems sunk into the Yeomanry.

Sir *Edw.* We have indeed too many rotten Members. You speak like Gentlemen, worthy of such Noble Fathers, as you both had; but Gentlemen, I spoke of Musick, I see two of my Artists come into the Garden, they shall entertain you with a Song this Morning.

Bell. Sir, You oblige us every way.

[*An Italian Song.*

Finely compos'd, and excellently perform'd.

Doubt. I see Sir you are well serv'd in every Thing.

Enter *Isabella* and *Theodosia.*

Sir *Edw.* My sweet Cousin, good Morrow to thee, I hope to call thee shortly by another Name, my dear Child, Heavens bless thee. [*Isab. kneels.*

Bell. Ladies, your most humble Servant; you are early up to take the pleasure of the Morning in these Gardens.

Doubt.

Doubt. 'Tis a Paradiſe you are in; every object within this place is raviſhing.
Theo. This place affords variety of Pleaſures; nothing here is wanting.
Bell. Where ſuch fine Ladies are.

Enter Servant with Teague O Devilly *an Iriſh Prieſt.*

Serv. A Gentleman to ſpeak with you.
Sir *Edw.* With me! Daughter, pray ſhew thoſe Gentlemen the Statues, Grottoes and the Water-works, I'll wait on you immediately.
Bell. This is an opportunity beyond our hopes. [*Ex. Bell. Doubt. Iſab. Theo.*
Sir *Edw.* Would ſpeak with me?
Prieſt. Arrah, and pleaſe ty Oorſhip, I am come here to dis plaaſh to maake a wiſitt unto thee; Doſht dou not know me, Joy?
Sir *Edw.* Oh! you live at Mr. *Redletters*, my Catholick Neighbours.
Prieſt. Ah by my Shoul, ay.
Sir *Edw.* How came you to venture hither? you are a Popiſh Prieſt.
Prieſt. Ah, but 'tis no matter for all daat, Joy: by my Shoul, but I will taak de Oades, and I think I vill be excus'd; but hark vid you a while, by my trott I ſhall be a Paapiſt too for all daat, indeed, yes.
Sir *Edw.* Excellent Principles!
Prieſt. I do come for de noneſt to ſee dee, and yet I do not come on purpoſe gra: But it is no matter, I will talk vid you aboot daat, I do come upon occaſion, and Mr. *Redletter* did ſhend me unto dee.
Sir *Edw.* For what?
Prieſt. What will I ſay unto dee now, but Mr. *Redletter* did ſhend me, and yet I did come off my ſelf too for all daat upon occaſion, daat I did hear concerning of dee, dat dy Houſe and de Plaaſh is all over-run with Witches and Spirits; do you ſee now?
Sir *Edw.* I had beſt let this fool ſtay to laugh at him, he may be out of the damn'd Plot? if any Prieſt was? Sure they would never truſt this Fool. [*Aſide.*
Prieſt. What ſhaall you ſhay unto me upon all dis, I will exorcize doze Vitches, and I will plague doſe Devils now by my Shoul, vid Holy-water, and vid Reliques and I will freet 'em out of this Plaaſh. God ſhaave de King.
Sir *Edw.* I have forgot your Name.
Prieſt. They do put the name of *Kelly* upon me, Joy; but by my fait I am call'd by my own right naame, *Tegue O Devilly.*
Sir *Edw.* *Tegue O Devilly?*
Prieſt. Yes, a very oold Naame in *Eerland* by my Shalwaation; well gra, I have brought upon my Cloak-bagg ſhome Holy-vaater, and I will put it upon the Devils and de Vitches Faaſhes, and I will make you ſhome more Holy-vaater, and you vill vaaſh all dee Roomes vid it an bee——
Sir *Edw.* Well, Father *Tegue O Devilly*, You're welcome; but how dare you venture publickly in theſe times?
Prieſt. Why, I have a great conſideration upon dy Prudence; for if dou voudſt betray me, now phare will be de ſoleedity of dat, Joy.
Sir *Edw.* I ſpeak not for my ſelf, but others.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. The Devil taak me now, I do tink, I will ſuffer for my Religion, I am affraid I will be ſlain at laſht at the plaaſh they call St. *Tyburn*, but I do not caare by my Shalwaation; for if I will be hang'd, I will be a Saint preſently, and all my Country ſhall pray unto St. *Tegue*; beſides ſhome great people will be nameleſs too, I tell you I ſhay noe more, but I will be prayed unto, Joy.

Sir *Edw.* Prayed to! Very well.

Prieſt. Yes by my Shoule will I, and I will have Reliques maade of me too.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead* and my Lady have ſome buſineſs with you, and deſire your Company within.

Sir *Edw.* Come, Father *Tegue*, come along me, do you hear, find the Gentlemen that are walking with my Daughter and her Couſin, and tell 'em I will wait on 'em preſently. [*Exit.* Sir *Edw.* and *Prieſt.*

Serv. I will. They are here, Gentlemen, my Maſter is call'd away upon buſineſs, he begs your excuſe, and will wait on you preſently. [*Ex. Serv.*

Bell. Heaven gives us yet a longer Opportunity, and certainly intends we ſhould make uſe of it; I have my own Parſon that comes to hunt with me at *Whalley*, Madam, an excellent School Divine, that will end all differences betwixt us.

Iſab. He is like to begin 'em betwixt us, the Name of a Parſon is a dreadfull Name upon theſe occaſions, he'll bring us into a Condition we can never get out of, but by Death.

Bell. If the abſolute command of me and my Fortune can pleaſe you, you ſhall never deſire to get out of it.

Doubt. I ſhould at more diſtance and with more reverence approach you, Madam, did not the ſhortneſs of the time, and the great danger of loſing You, force me to be free; throw not away this precious time, a Minute now is ineſtimable.

Theo. Yet I muſt conſider on that Minute on which the Happineſs or Miſery of all my Life may depend.

Iſab. How can I imagine that you who have rambled up and down the Southern World, ſhould at laſt fix on a Home-bred Miſtreſs in the North? how can you be in earneſt?

Bell. Conſult your underſtanding, and your Looking-Glaſs; one will tell you how Witty, Wiſe, and Good you are; the other, how Beautifull, how ſweet, how Charming.

Iſab. Men before they are married turn the great end of their Perſpective; but the little end after it.

Bell. They are Men of ill Eyes, and worſe Underſtanding; but for your Perfections there needs no Perſpective.

Theo. If I were inclin'd to Marriage, methinks we are not well enough acquainted yet to think of that.

Doubt. To my Reputation I ſuppoſe you are no ſtranger, nor to my Eſtate, which lies all in the next County; and for my Love, I will convince you of it, by ſettling whatever you pleaſe, or all that Eſtate upon you before I expect any favour from you.

Theo.

Theo. You are ſo generous beyond my Deſerts, that I know not how to credit you.

Doubt. Your Modeſty is too great, and your Faith too little.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir *Tim.* Death! Who are theſe with my Miſtreſs and my Siſter? Oh! they are the ſilly Fellows that we ſaw at the Spaw, that came hither laſt night. Do you know, Sir, that this is my Miſtreſs, Sir.

Bell. I know, Sir, that no man is worthy of that Honour.

Sir *Tim.* Yes, Sir; I will make you know that I am, Sir, and ſhe has the Honour to be my Miſtreſs.

Bell. Very well, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Very well, Sir! No, 'tis very ill, Sir, that you ſhould have the boldneſs to take my Miſtreſs by the Hand, Sir; and if you do, Sir, I muſt tell you, Sir—— What do you ſmile, Sir?

Bell. A man may doe what he will with his own Face. I may ſmile, Sir——

Sir *Tim.* If you do, Sir, I will fight, Sir, I tell you that, Sir, hah!

Iſab. Sir *Timothy*, you are a bloudy-minded Man.

Sir *Tim.* 'Tis for my Honour, my Honour, he is plaguely afraid; look you, Sir, if you ſmile, Sir, at me, Sir, I will kick, Sir, that's more, Sir.

Bell. If you do, you will be the fifteenth man I have run through the Body, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Hah! What does he ſay, through the Body? Oh!

Theo. Yonder's my Brother, we muſt not be ſo particular, let's join.

Sir *Tim.* How, the Body, Sir.

Bell. Yes, Sir; and my cuſtom is (if it be a great affront, I kill them, for) I rip out their Hearts, dry 'em to Powder, and make Snuff on 'em.

Sir *Tim.* Oh Lord! Snuff!

Bell. I have a box full in my pocket, Sir; will you pleaſe to take ſome.

Sir *Tim.* No, Sir; I thank you, Sir: Snuff, quoth a? I will have nothing to do with ſuch a cruel Man; I ſay no more, Sir.

Doubt. Your ſervant, Sir——

Sir *Tim.* Your Servant, Sir; does he take ſuch Snuff too?

Bell. The ſame—do you hear, Sir? if you value your own Life, which I will ſave for the Families ſakes, not a word of this to any Man.

Sir *Tim.* No, Sir; Not I, Sir. Your humble Servant.

Enter Sir *Edward.*

Sir *Edward.* I ask your pardon, Gentlemen; I was ſtay'd by what, if you pleaſe to walk in, will divert you well enough.

Doubt. We will wait on you, Sir.

Sir *Edw.* Daughter, Sir *Jeffery* and my *Lady* have made complaints of you, for abuſing Sir *Timothy*; let me hear no more on't, we have reſolv'd the Marriage ſhall be to Morrow, it will become you to be upon a little better Terms to day.

Sir *Tim.* Do you hear that, Gentlewoman.

Sir *Edw.* Gentlemen, I have ſent to *Whalley* for all your Servants, and Horſes, and Dogs; you muſt doe me the Honour to make ſome ſtay with me.

Bell.

Bell. We cannot enough acknowledge your great Civility.

Sir *Edw.* No Complements; I oblige my ſelf. Sir *Jeffery Shacklehead* and I have juſt now agreed, that to morrow ſhall be the day of Marriage between our Sons and Daughters.

Theo. Very ſhort warning.

Sir *Edw.* He'll not delay it longer.

Theo. I'll in, and ſee what's the reaſon of this ſudden Reſolution.

Bell. Sir, we wait on you.

Sir *Edw.* Stay you there a while with Sir *Timothy*. [*Ex. all but Sir* Tim. *and* Iſab.

Sir *Tim.* Dear Couſin, prethee be kinder to me, I proteſt and vow, as I am a Chriſtian, I love thee better than both my Eyes, for all this.

Iſab. Why, how now, Dog's Face; haſt thou the impudence to make love again, with that hideous Countenance? that very inſipid ſilly *Phyſnomy* of thine? with that moſt piteous mien? why, thou lookeſt like an *Operator* for Teeth.

Sir *Tim.* This is all Sham, I wont believe it; I can ſee my ſelf in the great glaſs, and to my Mind no Man looks more like a Gentleman than my ſelf.

Iſab. A Gentleman! with that ſilly wadling ſhuffling gate? thou haſt not mien good enough for a Chief Conſtable, every change of thy Countenance, and every motion of thy Body proclaims thee an Aſs.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, Ay, come Madam, I ſhall pleaſe you better when I am Marryed, with a trick that I have, I tell yee.

Iſab. Out of my ſight, thou makeſt me ſick to ſee thee.

Sir *Tim.* I ſhall be more familiar with you to morrow-night, oh my dear rogue—well I ſay no more; faith I ſhall, well, no more to be ſaid.

Iſab. Be gone, thou Baſilisk here; I vow if thou wert the only Man on Earth, the Kind ſhould ceaſe rather than I would marry thee.

Sir *Tim.* You'l be in a better humour to Morrow-night, though you are ſuch a Vixen now.

Iſab. This place, where ſome Materials are to mend the Wall, will furniſh me with ſome Ammunition: be gone I ſay.

Sir *Tim.* I ſhant do't, I know when I am in good Company, come prethee Couſin, do not let us Fool any longer, to morrow we ſhall be one Fleſh——d'ye ſee.

Iſab. I had rather be inoculated into a Tree, than to be made one Fleſh with thee; can that *Weſtphalia* hide of thine ever become one fleſh with me; when I can become one Aſs with thee, it may; you ſhall never change my Mind.

Sir *Tim.* Well, Well, I ſhall have your Body to morrow night, and I warrant you, your mind ſhall ſoon follow it.

Iſab. Be gone, thou infinite Coxcomb, I'll ſet thee farther.

[*She throws Stones at him.*

Sir *Tim.* What, what, what a Pox! hold, what a Devil, are you mad? Fleſh, Heart, hold, what a Plague; uds bud, I could find in my Heart to turn again.

Iſab. Do filthy Face, do if thou dar'ſt.

Sir *Tim.* Oh help, murder, murder. [*Ex.* Sir *Timothy.*

Iſab. I have no patience with this Fool, no Racks, no Tortures ſhall force me to marry him. [*Ex. Iſab.*

Enter

Enter Young Hartfort *and* Theodosia.

Theo. I am very indifferent about this Matrimony, and for ought I see, you are so too.

Yo. *Har.* I must confess you are as fine a Gentlewoman as ever I saw, and I am not worthy of you; but my Father says he will disinherit me, if I will not marry you to Morrow; therefore I desire you would please to think on't.

Theo. I will think on't.

Yo. *Har.* You shall command all my Estate, and do what you will; for my part I resolve all my Life, to give up my self wholy to my Sports, and my Horses, and my Dogs, and to drink now and then a Cup of Ale with my Neighburs, I hate Wine.

Theo. You will do very well.

Yo. *Har.* He says we must be Married to Morrow at Ten, I can be going a Hawking by six, and come home time enough, I would be loth to neglect my Hawking at Powts in the height of the Season.

Theo By no means, you'd do very ill if you should.

Yo. *Har.* Ay so I should, but shall I tell my Father that you will have me to Morrow? you know the Writings are Sealed, and Wedding Cloaths bought of all sides.

Theo. Well, I shall do as becomes me.

Yo. *Har.* Well, Cousin, there's no more to be said betwixt you and I then. *Pauca Verba*, a word to the Wise, I say, is enough; so I rest your humble Servant to command; Il'l tell my Father what you say presently, your Servant; to tell you truly, I had never so much mind to be Married as now; for I have been so woundedly frightned with Witches, that I am afraid to lye alone, d'e see; well, I am glad this business is over: a pox upon all making of Love for me. [*Ex.* Yo. *Har.*

Theo I thought I saw my Cousin in yon walk, 'tis time for us to consult what to do, my Father and Mother are resolved upon to morrow for the fatal day.

[*Ex. Theo.*

Enter Smerk, *and* Priest, *and Mrs.* Susan.

Priest. *By my shoule, Joy, I thank you for my Fast-break, for it does give refreshment unto me, and Consolation too, gra.*

Smerk. *Thank you Mistress* Susan, *my Caudle was admirable; I am much strenthened by these good Creatures.*

Sus. *Yours was admirable--if Mother* Demdick *has any Skill; I shall find the operation before night, and I will be reveng'd for his scorn to me.* [Aside.

Priest. *Though thou dosht know me, yet thou dosht shay thou wilt tell nothing concerning of me.*

Smerk. *No; for my part, though I differ in some things, yet I honour the Church of* Rome *as a true Church.*

Priest. *By my Shalwaation ye did all come out of us indeed, and I have expectaation daat you will come in agen, and I think I will live to shee it; perhaps I will tell you now, you had your Ordination too with us.*

Smerk. *For my part, I think the Papists are honest, loyal men, and the Jesuits dyed innocent.*

Prieſt. *Phaat! dou doſht not believe de Plot; de Devil taake me.*

Smerk. *No, no, no Papiſt Plot, but a Presbyterian one.*

Prieſt. *Aboo, boo, boo, By my Shalvaation I will embraaſh dy Father Child, and I will put a great kiſh upon dy cheeke, now for dat, ſay dear iſh, a damn'd Presbyteran Plot to put out de Paapiſt, and de Prieſts, and de good Men; and if I would have my minde, de Devil taak me, I would ſhee 'em all broyle and fry in de plaaſh they call* Smitfeild, *Joy.*

Smerk. *I would have Surplices cram'd down their Throats, or would have 'em hang'd in Caninical Girdles.*

Prieſt. *Let me Imbraaſh my joy agen for daat.*

Enter Bellfort *and* Doubty.

Bell. *We ſhall have excellent ſport with theſe Prieſts; ſee they are come from their Breakfaſt, and embracing.*

Prieſt. *And dou doſht not believe the Paapiſts Plot, my Joy?*

Smerk. *No, but the damn'd Presbyterian Plot I do: I would be a Turk before I would be a Presbyterian; Rogues, Villains.*

Prieſt. *By Shoule I vill give Satisfaction unto dee, and maak dee of my Church, we have ſhome good Frinds of dy Church, and dou art almoſt as good a Friend as he in de Weſt, I have forgot his Naam, I do take it did begin vid a* T.

Doubt. *How now! Do not you believe a Popiſh Plot?*

Smerk. *No; but a Presbyterian one I do.*

Bell. *This is great Impudence, after the King has affirm'd it in ſo many Proclamations, and three Parliments have voted it,* Nemine contradicente.

Smerk' *Parliments? tell me of Parliments? with my Bible in my hand, I'll diſpute with the whole Houſe of Commons; Sir, I hate Parliments, none but Phanaticks, Hobbiſts, and Atheiſt believe the Plot.*

Prieſt. *By my fait and trot, dou doſh't maak we weep indeed, by my Shoul, Joy, dou wilt be a good Catholick, if I will inſtruct dee, I will weep on dee indeed.*

Bell. *Why the true and wiſe Church of* England-*men believe it, and are a great Rock gainſt the Church of* Rome.

Doubt. *And Preach and Write learnedly againſt it; but ſuch Fellows as you, are ſcandals to the Church,* a Company of Tantivy Fools.

Bell. *All the Eminent men of the Church of* England *believe the Plot, and deteſt it with horrour,* and abominate the Religion that contriv'd it.

Smerk. *Not all the Eminent men, for I am of another opinion.*

Prieſt. *By my Shoul, by my Shoul, Joy, dey are our Enemies, and I would have no fait put upon dem; but* dis is my dear Friend.

Doubt. *This is a Raſcal conceal'd in the Church, and is none of it; ſure his Patron knows him not.*

Bell. *No certainly!*

Smerk. *You are Hobbiſts and Atheiſts.*

Preiſt. *It is no matter for all daat, Joy; what dey do ſhay unto thee; for by Chreſt, and by Saint Paatrick dey be Heretick Doggs, by my Shalwaation dou doſht make me weep upon de agen; by de Lady* Mary, *I think I will be after reconciling dee to de Caatholick Church indeed.*

Enter

Enter Sir *Jeffery*, *Lady Shack*. Sir *Edw.* and *Isab.* and *Theodosia*.

Sir *Jeff.* Your Servant Gentlemen.

La. *Sha.* Your most humble Servant.

Bell. } Your most humble Servant.
Doubt. }

Sir *Edw.* Is not my *Irish* man a pleasant fellow?

Doubt. A great Father of the Church.

Bell. And perhaps may come to be hang'd for't.

Sir *Edw.* Sir *Jeffery* is going to take some informations about Witches, perhaps that may divert you not ill. 'Tis against my opinion, but I give him amay.

La. *Sha.* I hope you are pleas'd to pardon my incivility, in rushing unawares into your Chamber last night; but I know you are so much a Gentleman, so well bred, and so accomplisht, I know you do—

Doubt. Madam.

La. *Sha.* And for that reason I will make you my Confident in a business, that perhaps, I do not know, but I think it may not be to your disadvantage, I will communicate it to you in private. Now, Sir *Jeffery* and I are to take some Examinations. I assist him very much in his business, or he could never do it. [He *sits down and La.* Shac.

Sir *Jeff.* Call in these Fellows, let's hear what they'l say about these Witches; come on, Did you serve my Warrant on Mother *Demdike*? { *They call the Constable in and a Country fellow.*

Const. Sir, I went to her House (and please your Worship) and lookt in at her Window, and she was feeding three great Toads, and they daunc'd and leapt about her, and she suckled a great black Cat well nigh as big as a Spaniel; I went into the House, and she vanisht, and there was nothing but the Cat in the middle, who spit and star'd at me, and I was frighted away.

Sir *Jeff.* An arch Witch, I warrant her.

Const. I went out at the back dore, and by the Threshold sat a great Hare, I struck at it, and it run away, and ever since I have had a great pain in my back, and cannot make Water, saving your presence.

Sir *Edw.* A fit of the Gravel.

Priest. No, by my shoule, she is a great Witch, and I vil cure you upon daat.

Sir *Jeff.* No: I tell you, Sir *Edward*, I am sure she is a Witch, and between you and I, last night, when I would have been kind to my Wife, she bewitched me, I found it so.

Sir *Edw.* Those things will happen about five and fifty.

Priest. I will tell you now, Joy, I will cure you too.

* Taak one of de Tooth of a dead man, and bee, and burne it, and taak dee smoke into both your Noses, as you taak Snuch, and anoint your self vid dee Gaall of a Crow, taak Quicksilver, as dey do call it, and put upon a Quil, and plaash it under de shoft Pillow you do shit upon, den maak shome waater through de Ring of a Wedding, by St. *Patrick*, and I will shay shome *Ave Maaries* for dee, and dou wilt be sound agen: gra.

* This Receipt is in *Scott*, he has taken it out of inquisitors and Witch-mongers.

Sir *Edw.* A very learned man in these matters, that comes hither on purpose.

Sir *Jeff.* Who is this pretends to skill in Witchcraft?

Sir *Jeff.* I shall be glad of your better acquaintance.

Priest. I vil be very well pleashed to bee after being acquainted vid dee, Joy.

La. *Sha.* Have you any more to say? Fellow speaks to me.

Const. Why, an't please your Worship forsooth, Mother *Demdike* said she would be reveng'd on me for not giving her some Buttermilk; and the next night coming from *Rachdale*, I saw a great Black Hog, and my Horse threw me, and I lost a Hog that night, he dy'd, that was as well when he went to bed, as ever he was since he was born.

La. *Sha.* 'Tis enough, a plain, a manifest Witch, make a Warrant for her.

Sir *Jeff.* Ay, do.

La. *Sha.* Take some of the Thatch of her House, and burne it at your House, and you shall see she will come streight.

Sir *Jeff.* Oh to morrow about dawn, Piss in a Pot, and cover it with your right, nether Stocking, and the Witch will be tormented in her Bladder, and come to you roaring before night. [*These two Remedies are in* Scott.

Doubt. A most profound Science.

Bell. And poor old Ignorant wretches must be hang'd for this.

Const. A Cow of mine is bewitcht too, and runs about the Close as if she were mad; and that, I believe, Mother *Hargrave* bewitcht, because I deny'd her some *Gos.--- good.*

Sir *Jeff.* Put her into the Warrent too: 'Tis enough, a little thing will serve for evidence against a Witch.

Sir *Edw.* A very little one.

*Priest.** Put a pair of Breeches or *Irish* Trowsers upon your Cows head, Fellow, upon a *Fryday* Morning, and wid a great Stick maak beat upon her, till she do depart out of de Close, and she vil repair unto de Witches dore, and she vill knock upon it vid her Horns indeed.

* This is likewise to be found in *Scotts.* Abundance of this kind is to be seen in *Flagellum Diabol.* in the Second *Tom.* of *Mall. Maleficarum.*

Const. Thank you, good Sir.

Sir *Jeff.* Sir, I see you are a Learned man in this business, and I honour you.

Priest. Your Servant, Sir; I will put shome holy waater into your Cows mout and I vill maak Cure upon her for all daat indeed.

La. *Sha.* Come, has any one else any thing to inform?

Const. Yes, an't please your worship, here is a Neighbour, *Thomas o Georges.*

Tho. o G. Why, an't please your Worships, I was at *Mal. Spencer*'s House, where he wons i'th' Lone, and whoo has a meeghty great Cat, a black one by'r Lady, and whoo kist and whoo clipt Cat, and ay sent me dawn a bit (meet a bit) and believe Cat went under her Coats. Quo ay, what don yoo doo with that sow Gat? why, says Whoo, who soukes me. Soukes tee? Marry that's whaint, quo ay; by'r Lady, what can Cat do besides? Why, says whoo, woost carry me to *Rachdale* belive. Whaw, quo ay, that's pratty! Why, says whoo, yeost ha one an yeow win to carry yeow; by'r Lady, quo ay, with aw my heart, and thank ow too, marry 'twill save my Tit a pow'r of labbour; so woo caw'd a Cat to me, a huge Cat, and we ridden both to *Rachdale* streight along.

Bell. Well said, this was home; I love a Felow that will go through stich.

Sir

Sir *Jeff.* This is a Witch, indeed, put her name in.

Prieſt. This is naw thing by my Shoule, I will tell you now it is naw thing for all daat, a Vitch, if ſhe be a good Vitch, will ride upon a Graſhopper, I tell you, verywell, nd yet a Graſhoper is but a weak beaſt neither; you do maak wonder upon dis, but by my ſhoule it is naw thing.

Sir *Jeff.* Where did you take Cat, ſay you, together?

Tho. o. Geor. Why, we took Cat i'th' Lone, meet a mile off.

Sir *Jeff.* So you rid eight mile upon Cats; are there any more informations?

Conſt. No more, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, but when I have once taken 'em, enough will come in.

La. *Sha.* Go then about taking 'em, and bring 'em before Sir *Jeffery*, and my ſelf, I'll warrant you wee'll order 'em.

Prieſt. I will tell you, now fellow, taak de ſhoe of a Horſe, and nayle it upon your Threſhold, de plaaſh dou doſht goe into dy dore upon.

Sir *Jeff.* And put a Clove of Garlick into the Roof of thy Houſe.

La. *Sha. Fennil* is very good in your Houſe againſt Spirits and Witches, and *Alicium* and the Herb *Mullein*, and *Long-wort*, and *Moly* too is very good.

Prieſt. * Burn ſome Brimſtone, and maake a ſweet fume of de Gall of a Black Dogg, Joy, and beſmear dy poſhts, and dy Valls, and bee, and Croſs dy Self, and I will touch dee vid Reliques, and dee to gra.

* *This is to be found in* Delrio, *and* Remig. *and* Fr. Silveſter.

Conſt. Thank you good Sir.

Tho. o. Gor. Thank a.

Sir *Edw.* Is not this an excellent Art?

Bell. 'Tis ſo extravagant, that a man would think they were all in Dreams that ever writ of it.

Doubt. I ſee no manner of Evidences againſt theſe poor Creatures.

Bell. I could laugh at theſe Fools ſufficiently, but that all the while our Miſtreſſes are in danger.

Doubt. Our time is very ſhort, prithee let's conſider what is to be done.

Iſab. Well, my Dear, I muſt open my Heart to thee; I am ſo much in love with *Bellfort*, that I ſhall dye if I loſe him.

Theo. Poor *Iſabella*, dying is ſomething an inconvenient buſineſs; and yet I ſhould live very uncomfortably without my Spark.

Iſab. Our time's very ſhort, therefore prithee let's play the Fool no longer, but come to the point when we meet 'em.

Theo. Agreed: But when ſhall we meet 'em?

Iſab. I warrant thee before Midnight.

Sir *Edw.* Come, let us take one turn in the Garden, and by that time my Dinner will be ready.

Bell. Madam, for Heaven's ſake conſider on what a ſhort time my Happineſs or Ruin depends.

Iſab. Have a Care, Sir *Jeffery* and his Lady will be jealous.

Bell. This is a good ſign. [*To himſelf.*

Theo. Not a word, we ſhall be ſuſpected, at night we will deſign a Conference.

Enter

Enter Mal Spencer *and* Clod.

M. Spen. Why ſo unkind *Clod*? You frown and wonnot kiſs me.

Clod. No marry, I'll be none of thy Imp, I wott.

M. Spen. What doſt thou mean my Love? prithee kiſs me.

Clod. Stand off by'r Lady, an I lift kibbo once, Iſt raddle thy bones: thou art a ſow Wheane, I tell o that, thou art a ſow Witch.

M. Spen. I a Witch! a poor innocent young Laſs, that's whaint, I am not awd enough for that Mon.

Clod. And I believe mine Eyne, by the Maſs I ſaw you in Sir *Tedards* Cellar laſt neeght with your Haggs, thou art a rank Witch, uds fleſh I'll not come near thee.

M. Spen. Did you ſee me? Why, if I be a Witch, I am the better Fortune for you, you may fare of the beſt and be rich.

Clod. Fare? marry I'll fare none with thee, I'll not be hang'd, nor go to the Deel for thee, not I by th' Maſs, but I will hang thee on I con, by'r Lady.

M. Spen. Say you ſo, Rogue; I'll plague you for that. [*She goes out.*

Clod. What is whoo gone? 'Tis for no good Marry; I ha ſcap'd a fine waif, a ſow Carrion, by'r Lady, I'll hang the Whean and there be no more Witches in *Lancaſhire*. Fleſh what's 'tiſs? [Mal. *Enters with a Bridle, and puts it on e'er he is aware.*

Mal. S. *A a Horſe, a Horſe be thou to me,*
And carry me where I ſhall flee.
{She gets upon him, and flees away:

Enter *Demdike*, *Dickenſon*, *Hargrave*, &c. with their Imps and *Madge*, who is to be the new Witch.

Demd. Within this Shattered Abby Walls,
This Pit oregrown with Brakes and Briers,
Is fit for our dark Works, and here
Our Maſter dear will ſoon appear,
And make thee Mother *Madge* a Witch,
Make thee be Happy, long liv'd, Rich,
Thou wilt be Powerfull and Wiſe,
And be reveng'd of thy Enemies!

Madg. 'Tis that I'd have, I thank you Dame.

Demd. Here take this Imp, and let him ſuck,
He'll do what e'er thou bidſt him, call
Him Puck-Hairy.

Madg. Come hither Puck-Hairy. [*En. an imp in ſhape of a black ſhock, comes to her.*

Demd. Where is thy Contract written in Bloud?

Madg. 'Tis here.

Demd. So 'tis firm and good.
Where's my Mamillion? come, my Rogue,
And take thy Dinner.

Dicken. Where's my *Puggy*?
Come to me, and take thy Duggy.

Harg. Come, my *Rouncy*, *where art thou*?

Enter

Enter Mal. Spencer, *Leading* Clod *in a Bridle.*

Mal. Come Sirrah, I have ſwitcht you well, { *She ties him up, and joyns with the other Witches.*
I'll tye you up now to the Rack.
Well met, Siſters, where's my *Pucklin*?
Come away, my pretty Sucklin.

Clod. Wauns and Fleſh, what con Ay do naw, I am turn'd into a Horſe, a Capo, a meer Titt; Fleſh, Ayſt ne'er be a Mon agen, I marle I con ſpeak, I con no pray, I wot, a pox o'th' Deel, Mun Ay live of Oates, and Beens, and Hay aw my Life, inſtead of Beef and Pudding? Uds Fleſh, I'll neigh too. [*He neighs.*

Oh whoo has ſwitcht and ſpur'd me plaguely, I am raw all over me, who has ridden a waunded way abaut too.

Demd. Ointment for flying here I have,
[d] Of Childrens Fat ſtoln from the Grave.
[e] The juice of Smallage, and Night-ſhade,
Of Poplar Leaves, and Aconite made;
With theſe
The Aromatick Reed I boyl,
With Water-parſnip, and Cinquefoil;
With ſtore of Soot, and add to that
The reeking Bloud of many a Bat.

Dick. [f] From the Seas ſlimy owſe a Weed
I fetch'd to open locks at need.
[g] With Coats tuck'd up, and with my Hair,
All flowing looſely in the Air,
With naked Feet I went among
[h] The poyſonous Plants, there Adders [i] Tongue,
With Aconite and Martagon,
Henbane, Hemlock, Moon-wort too,
[k] Wild Fig-Tree, that o'er Tombs does grow,
The deadly Night-ſhade, Cypreſs, Yew,
And Libbards Bane, and venomous Dew,
I gathered for my Charms. *Harg.* [l] And I
Dug up a Mandrake which did cry.
Three Circles I made, and the Wind was good,
And looking to the Weſt I ſtood.

M. Spen. [m] The Bones of Frogs I got, and the Bloud,
With Screetch-Owls Eggs, and Feathers too.
[n] Here's a Wall-Toad, and Wings of Bats,
The Eyes of Owls, the Brains of Cats.

The Devil appears in humane ſhape with four Attendants.

Demd. Peace, here's our Maſter, him ſalute,
And kiſs the Toe of his Cloven-Foot. [*They kiſs the Devil's Foot.*
Now our new Siſter we preſent,
The Contract too, ſign it with [o] Bloud [*Madge ſigns it with her Bloud.*

Dev.

Dev. First, Heaven you must renounce.
Madge. I doe.
Dev. Your Baptism thus, I wash out too.
The new Name *Maudlin* you must take,
And all your Gossips must forsake,
And I these new ones for you make:
Demd. A piece of your Garment now present
Madg. Here, take it Master, I'm content. [*Gives it him.*
Demd. Within this Circle I make here,
Truth to our Master you must swear.
Madg. I do.
Dev. You must each Month some murdered Children pay,
Besides your yearly Tribute at your day.
Madg. I will.
Dev. Some Secret part I with my mark must sign,
A lasting Token, that you are wholly mine.
Madg. Oh! { *The Devil takes her*
Demd. Now do your Homage. { *hands between his.*
Dev. *Curse Heaven, Plague Mankind, go forth and be a Witch.*
[*The Musick sounds in the Air.*

Song.

Chor. of 3 *parts.* WElcome, welcome, happy be,
In this blest Society.
1. *Men and Beasts are in thy Power.*
Thou canst Save, and thou canst Devour.
Thou canst Bless, and Curse the Earth,
And cause Plenty, or a Dearth.

Chor. Welcome, *&c.*
2. *O'er Nature's Powers thou canst prevail,*
Raise Winds, bring Snow, or Rain, or Hail,
Without their Causes, and canst make
The steady Course of Nature shake.

Chor. Welcome, *&c.*
3. *Thou canst mount upon the Clouds,*
And skin o'er the rugged Floods;
Thou canst dive to the Sands below,
And through the solid Earth canst go.

Chor. Welcome, *&c.*
4. *Thou'lt open Locks, or through a Chink*
Shalt creep for daintiest Meat and Drink.
Thou mayst sleep on tops of Trees,
And lye in Flowers like Humble Bees.

Chor.

Chor. Welcome, *&c.*

5. *Revenge, Revenge, the ſweeteſt Part*
Of all thou haſt by thy black Art.
On Heaven thou ne'er ſhalt fix thy Mind,
For here 'tis Heav'n to plague Mankind.

They Dance with fantaſtick unuſual poſtures.

Devil. p At your Command all Natures courſe ſhall ceaſe,
And all the Elements make War or Peace:
The Sky no more ſhall its known Laws obey,
Night ſhall retreat whilſt you prolong the Day.
q Thy Charms ſhall make the Moon and Stars come down,
And in thick darkneſs hide the Sun at Noon.
r Winds thou ſhalt raiſe, and ſtreight their rage controll.
s The Orbs upon their Axes ſhall not roll;
Hearing thy mighty Charms, the troubled Sky
Shall crack with Thunder, Heav'n not knowing why.
t Without one puff the Waves ſhall foam and rage,
Then though all Winds together ſhould ingage,
The ſilent Sea ſhall not the Tempeſt feel.
u Vallies ſhall roar, and Trembling Mountains reel.
x At thy Command Woods from their ſeats ſhall rove.
Stones from their Quarries, and fixt Oaks remove.
y Vaſt ſtanding lakes ſhall flow, and, at thy Will,
The moſt impetuous Torrents ſhall ſtand ſtill:
Swift Rivers ſhall (while wond'ring Banks admire)
Back to their Springs with violent haſte retire.
z Thy Charms ſhall blaſt full Fruits, and ripen'd Ears:
a Eaſe anxious Minds, and then afflict with Cares.
b Give Love, where Nature cannot, by thy skill,
And any living Creature ſave or kill:
c Raiſe Ghoſts, transform your ſelf, and whom you will.

Enter Tom. Shacklehead, *with a Gun on his Shoulder.*

Demd. Who's here? who's here?
Tom. Sha. Waunds what's here? The Witches by'r Lady.
I'll ſhoot amongſt 'em: have at ye. [*They all vaniſh, and* Clod *neighs.*
Hey, Dive-dappers, Dive-dappers:
What a Devils here! *Clod* tied by a Bride, and neighing! What a Pox ail'ſt thou? Conſt a tell? [Tho. Shac. *takes off the Bridle.*
Clod. Uds Fleſh, I am a Mon agen naw!
Why, I was a Horſe, a mear Tit, I had loſt aw
My Speech, and could do naught but neigh;
Fleſh, I am a Mon agen.
Tom. Sha. What a dickens is the Fellewood?

Clod. Ise ta the Bridle with me, fly from the Deel, and the Witches, and I'll tell you aw at the Ale-house.

Tom. Sha. What a murrain ails the Hobbel? I mun follow, and see what's the matter.

Act Ends.

Notes upon the Third Act.

a For these kind of Transformations, you will see Authority at the latter end of these Notes. b For Witches delighting in such solitary places, see *Agrippa* and *Lucan*, quoted in the second Act. c Having Imps is to be found in all Authors that treat of Witches. Having of Biggs or Teats, I find no where but in our English Authors, and in late Examinations. d For this Ointment see *Wier. de præstigiis Dæm. ultimo libro de Lamiis*, he has the Receipt at large, *Puerorum pinguedinem decoquendo ex aqua capiunt inspissando, quod ex elixatione ultimum novissimumque subsidet, inde condunt continuóque inserviunt usui: cum hæc immiscent Eleoselenum, aconitum, frondes populeas & fuliginem, vel aliter.* e *Sium, acorum vulgare, pentaphyllon, vespertilionis sanguinem, solanum somniferum*, &c. This Ointment is in *Cardan de subtilitate, Cap. de Mirabilibus*, and in *Paracelsus, de magna & occulta Philosophia, in Delrio Disquis. Mag. Quæst.* 16. *p.* 130. There are under that Question several Stories under Oaths and Confessions, of the Witches night-meetings and flying. See *Bodin* for the Ointment *lib.* 2. *Dæmon cap.* 4. And *Scot. p.* 128. f See the renown'd *Johnson*, in the last Scene of the second Act of his sad Shepherd. g *Hor.* Satyr. 8. *Vidi equidem nigrâ succinctam vadere pallâ Canidiam pedibus nudis passoque Capillo:* and the Verse before, *Ossa legant herbasque nocentes.* Ovid. *Ep.* of *Hypsiphile. Per tumulos errat sparsis distincta Capillis.* Senec. *de. Medea, v.* 756. *Vinculo solves Comam, Secreta nudo nemora lustravi pede*, Ovid. *Metam.* 7. *Egreditur tectis vestes induta recinctas, nuda pedes, nudos humeris infusa capillos.* h The use of Herbs in Witchcraft all Authors both Antient and Modern take Notice of, that treat of Witches. Virg. *Has herbas atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta veneno.* Ovid. *Metam.* 7. *Protinus horrendis infamia pabula succis Conterit & tritis Hecateïa Carmina miscet.* Virg. 3. *Georg. Miscuerúntque herbas & non innoxia verba:* Propert. *Quippe & collinas ad fossúm moverit herbas.* Virg. 4. *Æneid. Falcibus ad lunæ lumen quæruntur abenis Pubentes herbæ nigri cum lacte Veneni.* i *Cicuta, solanum, hyoscyamus, Ophiogloſſon, Martagon, Daronicum, Aconitum*, are mentioned by *Paracelsus, Porta* and *Agrippa*, as especial ingredients in Magick. k Hor. *Ep.* 5. *In Canidiam: Jubet sepulcris caprificos erutas, Jubet cupressus funebres.* l Plin. *Nat. Hist. lib.* 2. *cap.* 13. Writing of the Mandrake, says *Caveant effossuri contrarium ventum, & tribus circulis ante gladio circumscribunt, postea fodiunt ad occasum spectantes.* m Hor. *Ep.* 5. *Et uncta turpis ova ranæ sanguine plumámque Nocturnæ strigis.* For the Bones of Frogs, they are used in Love-Cups, see Notes on the second Act. n For the Owls-Eyes, Bats-Blood and Wings, see *Corn. Agrippa de occulta Philosophia, lib.* 1. *cap.* 15. and *cap.* 25. The Toad is said to be of great use in Magick; see *Pliny, Nat. Hist. lib.* 32. *cap.* 5. A Cats-Brain is an ingredient in Love-Cups; see the Notes on the second Act. o The Contract signed with Blood, *Bodin. lib.* 2. *cap.* 4. and most Authors speak of; but *Guaccius* in his *Compend. Malefic.* sets it down at large, of which these are Heads: 1. *Abnegant fidei & Creatori*, &c. 2. *Diabolus illos tingit Lavacro Novi Baptismatis.* 3. *Negato nomine, novum illis inditur.* 4. *Cogit abnegare patrinis & matrinis*, &c. 5. *Lamiæ Diabolo dant frustum aliquod vestimenti.* 6. *Præstant Dæmoni juramentum super circulo in terram sculpto.* 7. *Petunt à Dæmone deleri de libro vitæ, & scribi in libro mortis.* 8. *Pollicentur sacrificia, & quædam striges promittunt se singulis mensibus vel quindenis unum infantulum strigando, i. e. exsugendo occisuras*; this is to be found also in *Bart. Spineus, Quæst de strigibus*, 2. *cap.* 9. *Quotannis aliquid magistellis vel Dæmonibus pendere tenentur.* See also *Remigius, lib.* 1. 11. *cap.* 10, *Corporis alicui parti characterem solet imponere: signum non est semper idem formâ, aliquando est simile leporis vestigio, aliquando busonis pedi, aliquando aranea vel catello vel gliri.* Concerning this Mark, see *Bodin. lib.* 2. *cap.* 4. *Ludwig. Elich. p.* 58. *quæst.* 4. Nic. Remigius, *lib.* 1. *cap.* 5. *pag.* 58. I put this down at large, because some were so ignorant to Condemn this Contract, as if it were my prophane invention, and so silly, that they would have the Devil and Witches speak piously. p *Lucan, lib.* 6. *Cessavere vices rerum, dilatáque longè Hæsit nocte dies: legi non paruit Æther.* Sen. *Med. Paritèrque mundus, lege confusa Ætheris, & solem & astra vidit, Et vetitum mare tetigistis ursæ, temporum flexi vices.* q Ovid. *Ep.* Hysip. *Illa reluctantem cursu diducere lunam Nititur & tenebris abdere solis equos. Metam.* 7. *de Medea, Et te luna traho. Pet. Arbiter* makes a Witch, boasting her Power, among many other things,

things, say, *Lunæ descendit imago Carminibus deducta meis*, the whole Description is very elegant, *Hor. Epod. 5. Quæ sidera excantata voce Thessala Lunámque cœlo diripit: Id. Ep. 18. in fine Epodos, Deripere lunam vocibus possum meis.* Tribul. *lib. 1. Eleg. 2. Hanc ego de cœlo ducentem sydera vidi.* Propert. *Audax cantatæ leges imponere Lunæ.* r Ovid. *Metam. 7. Nubiliáque induco ventos abigóque vocóque.* s Lucan. *lib. 6. Torpuit & præceps audito carmine mundus: Axibus & rapidis impulsos* Jupiter *urgens Miratur non ire polos. Nunc omnia complent Imbribus, & calido producunt nubila Phœbo, Et tonat ignara cœlum Jove.* t *Id ibid. ventis cæssantibus æquor Intumuit; rursus vetitum sentire procellas Conticuit turbante Noto:* Sen. *Medea. Sonuere fluctus, tumuit infanum Mare Tacente vento. Id. Herc. Oet. Concussi fretum cessante vento turbidum explicui mare.* u Virg. *Æneid. lib. 4. Mugire videbis Sub pedibus terram & descendere montibus ornos. Metam. 7. Jubeóque tremiscere montes Et mugire solum.* Lucan. *lib. 6.* has a bolder Expression, *Terra quoque immoti concussit, ponderis axem, Et medium vergens nisu titubavit in orbem.* x *Metam. 7. Viváque saxa suâ convulsáque robora terrâ Et sylvas moveo.* Ovid. *Ep.* Hysip. *Ille loco sylvas viváque saxa movet.* Sen. *Herc. Oet. Habuêre motum saxa.* y *Metam. 7. Cum volui, ripis ipsis mirantibus, amnes in fontes redire suos, concussáque sisto stantia concutio.* Virg. *Æneid. 4. Sistere aquam fluviis & flumina vertere retro. Tibull.* following the Verse before cited. *Fluminis hæc rapidi carmine vertit iter.* San. *Med. Violenta phasis vertit in fontem vada, & ister in tot ora divisus truces compescit undas omnibus ripis piger.* z Ovid. *Amor. 3. Eleg. 6. Carmine læsa Cores sterilem vanescit in herbam.* Virg. *Eclog. 8.* speaking of *Mæris, Atque satas alio vidi traducere messes.* a *Æneid. 4. Hæc se carminibus promittit solvere mentes quas velit, ast aliis duras immittere curas.* b Lucan, *lib. 6. Carmine Thessalium dura in præcordia fluxit Non satis adductus amor.* c Hor. *Epod. 18. Possum crematos excitare mortuos, Desiderîque temperare poculum.* The raising of Ghosts, and transforming themselves and others, all Witchmongers both ancient and modern Affirm. *Virg. Æneid.* the place before quoted, *Nocturnosque ciet Manes. Id. Eclog. 8. Has herbas atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena Ipse dedit Meris, nascuntur plurima Ponto. His ego sæpe lupam fieri & se condere sylvis Mærim, sæpe animas exire sepulchris vidi,* &c. *Propertius* before cited, *Audax,* &c. *Et sua nocturno fallere terga lupo.* You may see *Lucan* makes *Erictho* raise a Ghost. Seneca's *nutrix in Herc. Oeteus,* and *Tiresias* in *Oedipus* do the same; all Witchmongers are full of it. In *Bodin. Dæmon. lib. 2. cap. 6.* there is a great deal of Stuff about Transformations; he says, Witches transform themselves into Wolves, and others into Ashes; and I think those are they that believe in 'em: He is very angry with Physicians that call *Lycanthropia* a Disease; he says, divers Witches at *Vernon* turn'd themselves into Cats, and tells a story of three Witches at *Argentine* that turn'd themselves into Cats, and beat and wounded a Faggot-maker. This also *Petr. de Loyer de Spectris* mentions, in the English translation, p. 128. He says there, that in his Time a Hermit of *Dole* was turn'd into a Woolf, and was going to devour a little Child, if he had not been surprised and discovered; and a Merchant of *Cyprus* was turn'd into an Ass; indeed, he says, the Devil does not change the Body, but only abuse and delude the fancy; and quotes *Thomas Aquinas* in *2. sentent. distinct. 8. Aug. lib. 18. de. Civit. Dei,* says, he himself knew the Father of one *Præstantius* who was changed into a Mule, and did carry upon his Back Bag and Baggage for Soldiers; but he says this was an illusion of the Devil, and that the Father of *Præstantius* was not really changed into a Mule, but the Eyes of the beholders were enchanted. *Bodin* says, one *Garner*, in the shape of a Woolf, kill'd a Child of Twelve Years old, eat up her Arms and Legs, and carried the rest home to his Wife. And *Peter Burgis*, and *Michael Werdon*, having turn'd themselves into Wolves, kill'd and eat a vast number of People: Such impossible Stories does this *helluo mendaciorum*, as one calls him, swallow himself, and disgorge to us. He says, the matter of Transformations was disputed before Pope *Leo* the Seventh, and by him were all judged possible. Wierus *ultimo libro de Lamiis, cap.* 14. says that, *Ad Lamarium omnipotentiam tandem quoque refertur quod se in Lupos, hircos, canes, feles, aut alias bestias, pro suæ libidinis delectu verè & substantialiter transformare, & tantillo tempore in homines rursus transformare posse fateantur, idque deliramentum ab eximiis etiam viris pro ipsa veritate defendatur.* I should have mentioned the transformations of *Lucian* and *Apuleius*, which *Bodin* says, Pope *Leo* the Seventh made Canonical: I could cite many more Authorities for this, and for most of the Miracles in the fore-written Speech; but I shall tire the Reader and my self: I have not endeavoured to translate the Poets so much as to take thoughts from them. For the manner of their Musick, see *Ludwigius Elich. Dæmon. quæst. 10. p. 13.* and *Remigius Dæmonolat. lib. 1. cap. 19. Miris modis illic miscentur ac turbantur omnia,* &c. *strepant sonis inconditis, absurdis ac discrepantibus, canit hic Dæmon ad tibiam, vel verius ad cantum, aut baculum aliquod, quod forte humi repertum, buccam seu tibiam admovet; ille pro lyra equi calvarium pulsat ac digitis concrepat, alius fuste vel clava graviore Quercum tundit; unde exauditur sonus, ac boatus veluti tympanorum vehementius pulsatorum, intercinunt raucide,* &c. For their Dancing, see *Bodin, lib. 2. cap. 4.* who says they Dance with Brooms. And *Remigius, lib. 1. cap. 17.* and *18. Omnia fiunt ritu absurdissimo & ab omni hominum consuetudine alieno; dorcis invicem versis & in orbem junctis manibus,* &c. *sua jactantes capita utqui æstro agitantur.*

I - 1994

ACT IV.

Sir *Edward*, Sir *Jeffery*, La. *Shacklehead*, Sir *Timothy* and *Iſabella*.

Sir *Jeff.* I Am ſorry I am forced to complain of my Couſin.

La. *Sha.* Sorry? marry ſo am not I; I am ſorry ſhe is ſo pert and ill-bred. Truly Sir *Edward*, 'tis unſufferable for my Son, a man of his Quality and Title, born of ſuch a Family, and ſo Educated, to be ſo abuſed, to have Stones thrown at him, like a Dog.

Sir *Jeff.* We muſt e'en break off the Match, Sir *Edward.*

Sir *Edw.* Sir, I am aſhamed of it, I bluſh and grieve to hear it; Daughter; I never thought to ſee this Day.

Iſab. Sir, I am ſo amazed, I know not what to ſay; I abuſe my Couſin! Sure, he is bewitched.

Sir *Tim.* I think I am to love you after it, I am ſure my Arm's Black and Blue, that it is.

Iſab. He jeſted with me, as I thought, and would have ruffled me, and kiſſed me, and I run from him, and in fooliſh play, I quoited a little Stone or two at him.

Sir *Tim.* And why did you call me filthy-face, and ugly Fellow; hah, Gentlewoman?

La. *Sha.* He ugly! Nay, then I have no Eyes; though I ſay't, that ſhould not ſay't, I have not ſeen his Fellow ———

Iſab. Nor I neither: 'Twas a jeſt, a jeſt, he told me he was handſomer for a Man, than I for a Woman.

Sir *Jeff.* Why, look you there, you Blockhead, you Clown, you Puppy, why do you trouble us with this impertinent Lye?

La *Sha.* Good words, Sir *Jeffery*, 'twas not ſo much amiſs; hah, I'll tell you that.

Sir *Edw.* Sure this is ſome miſtake, you told me you were willing to marry.

Iſab. I did not think I ſhould be put to acknowledge it before this Company: But Heaven knows, I am not more willing to live; the time is now ſo ſhort, I may confeſs it.

Sir *Edw.* You would not uſe him, you intend to marry, ill.

Iſab. Love him I am to marry more than Light or Liberty. I have thus long diſſembled it through Modeſty; but, now I am provoked, I beſeech you Sir, think not that I'd diſhonour you ſo.

Sir *Edw.* Look you, you have made her weep; I never found her falſe or diſobedient.

Sir *Tim.* Nay, good dear Couſin, don't cry, you'll make me cry too; I can't forbear, I ask you pardon with all my Heart, I vow I do; I was to blame, I muſt confeſs.

La. *Sha.* Go too, Sir *Timothy*, I never could believe one of your Parts would play the Fool ſo.

Sir *Edw.* And you will marry to Morrow.

Iſab.

Iſab. I never wiſht for any thing ſo much; you make me bluſh to ſay this.

La. *Sha.* Sweet Couſin forgive me, and Sir *Jeffery*, and Sir *Timothy*.

Iſab. Can I be angry at any thing, when I am to be married to Morrow? And I am ſure I will be, to him I love more than I hate this Fool. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeff.* I could find in my Heart to break your Head, Sir *Timothy*; you are a Puppy.

Sir *Edw.* Come let's leave 'em together, to underſtand one another better.

Sir *Jeff.* Couſin, Daughter I ſhould ſay, I beg your Pardon, your Servant.

La. *Sha.* Servant, ſweet Daughter. [*Ex. Sir* Edw. *Sir* Jeff. *and Lady.*

Sir *Tim.* Dear Couſin, be in good Humour, I could wiſh my ſelf well beaten for miſtaking one that loves me ſo; I would I might ne'er ſtir, if I did not think you had been in earneſt; well, but I vow and ſwear I am mightily beholden to you, that you think me ſo fine a Perſon, and love me ſo dearly; Oh how happy am I that I ſhall have thee to Morrow in theſe Arms! by theſe ten bones, I love you more than all the Ladies in *London*, put them together. Prithee ſpeak to me, O that Smile kills me, oh I will ſo Hug thee and Kiſs thee, and Love thee to Morrow Night—— I'd give forty Pound to Morrow Night, were to Night, I hope we ſhall have Twins before the Year comes about.

Iſab. Do you ſo Puppy? [*She gives him a box on the Ear, and pulls him by the Ears.*

Sir *Tim.* Help, Help, Murder, Murder.

Iſab. Help, Help, Murder, Murder.

Sir *Tim.* What a Devils to do now? hah, ſhe Counterfeits a Sound.

Enter *Theodoſia* at one Door, and Sir *Jeffery*, and *Lady* at the other.

Theo. How now, my Dear, what's the matter?

Sir *Jeff.* What's the Matter?

Sir *Tim.* I feel the matter, ſhe gave me a Cuff, and lug'd me by the Ears, and I think ſhe is in a Sound.

Iſab. O the Witch! the Witch came juſt now into the Room, and ſtruck Sir *Timothy*, and lug'd him, and beat me down.

Sir *Tim.* Oh Lord, a Witch! Ay, 'twas a two-leg'd Witch.

Iſab. And, as ſoon as ſhe had done, ſhe run out of that Door.

Theo. 'Tis very true, I met her and was frighted, and left her muttering in the next Room.

Sir *Tim.* Oh Impudence!

Sir *Jeff.* You Puppy, you Coxcomb, will you never leave theſe Lyes? Is the Fellow bewitched? [*He Cudgels Sir* Tim.

La. *Sha.* Go, Fool; I am aſhamed of you.

Sir *Jeff.* Let's ſee if we can take this Witch.

La. *Sha.* Quickly, before ſhe flies away. [*Ex. Sir* Jeff. *and Lady.*

Sir *Tim.* Well, I have done, I'll ne'er tell tale more.

Iſab. Be gone; Fool, go.

Sir *Tim.* Well, I will endure this, but I am reſolved to marry her to Morrow, and be revenged on her; if ſhe ſerves me ſo then, I will tickle her Toby for her, faith I will. [*Ex.* Sir *Tim.*

Iſab. Well, I'll be gone, and get out of the way of 'em.

Theo. Come on.

Enter

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Enter Young Hartford *Drunk.*

Yo. *Hartf.* Madam! Couſin, hold a little; I deſire a word with you.

Theo. I muſt ſtay.

Iſab. Adieu then.

Yo. *Hartf.* I am drunken well neegh, and now I am not ſo, hala, (ſince we muſt marry to Morrow.) I pray you now let us be a little better acquainted to neeght, I'll make bold to ſalute you in a Civil way.

Theo. The Fool's Drunk.

Yo. *Hartf.* By the Maſs ſhe kiſſes rarely, uds lud ſhe has a Breath as ſweet as a Cow; I have been a Hawking, and have brought you home a power of Powts in my bag here; we have had the rareſt ſport; we had been at it ſtill, but that 'tis neeght.

Theo. You have been at ſome other ſport I ſee.

Yo. *Hartf.* What becauſe I am merry? Nay, and I liſt, I can be as merry as the beſt on 'em all.

An onny mon ſmait my Sweat-Heart,
Ayſt ſmait him agen an I eon,
Fleſh, what! care for a brokken Yead;
For oneſt a mon's a mon.

Theo. I ſee you can be merry indeed.

Yo. *Hartf.* Ay that I can, Fa, la, la, fa, la. [*He ſings Roger a Coverly.*

I was at it helter skelter in excellent Ale, with Londoners that went a Hawking, brave Royſters, honeſt fellows, that did not believe the Plot.

Theo. Why? don't you believe the Plot,

Yo. *Har.* No, the Chaplain has told me all; there's no *Popiſh* Plot, but there's a *Presbyterian* one; he ſays, none but *Phanaticks* believe it.

Theo. An Excellent Chaplain, to make love to his Patron's Daughter, and Corrupt the Son. [*Aſide.*

Why all the Eminent Men of our church believe it; this fellow is none of the Church, but crept into it for a livelihood, and as ſoon as they find him, they'l turn him out of it.

Yo. *Har.* Nay, Couſin I ſhould not have told it, he Charged me to ſay nothing of it; but you and I are all one, you are to be Bone of my Bone to Morrow: And I will ſalute you once more upon that, d'e ſee.

Theo. Hold, hold, not ſo faſt, 'tis not come to that yet.

Yo. *Har.* 'Twill come to that and more to Morrow, fa, la, la, but I'll out at four a Hawking though for all that, d'e underſtand me?

Enter *Doubty.*

Theo. Here's *Doubty*, I muſt get rid of this Fool. Couſin, I hear your Father coming; if he ſees you in this condition hee'l be very angry.

Yo. *Har.* Thank you kindly, no more to be ſaid; I'll go and Sleep a little; I ſee ſhe loves me, fa, la, la, la. [*Ex. Yo.* Hartford.

Doubty. Dear Madam, this is a happy minute thrown upon me unexpectedly, and I muſt uſe it: To morrow is the fatal day to ruin me.

Theo.

Theo. It ſhall not ruin me; the Inquiſition ſhould not force me to a Marriage with this Fool.

Doubty. This is a ſtep to my Comfort; but when your Father ſhall to morrow hear your refuſal, you know not what his paſſion may produce; reſtraint of Liberty is the leaſt.

Theo. He ſhall not reſtrain my Liberty of Choice.

Doubt. Put your ſelf into thoſe hands that may defend you from his Power: the hands of him, who loves you more than the moſt Pious value Heaven, than Miſers Gold, than Clergy-men love Power, than Lawyers ſtrife, than Jeſuites Blood and Treachery.

Theo. If I could find ſuch a man.

Doubt. Then look no farther Madam, I am he; ſpeak but one word, and make me the happieſt man on Earth.

Theo. It comes a little too quick upon me; are you ſure you are the man you ſpeak of?

Doubt. By Heaven; and by your ſelf I am, or may I be the ſcorn of all Mankind; and the moſt Miſerable too, without you.

Theo. Then you ſhall be the man.

Doubt. Heaven; on my Knees I muſt receive this Bleſſing; there's not another I would ask, my Joy's too big for me.

Theo. No Raptures for Heavens ſake, here comes my Mother, adieu.

Enter Lady Shackleheid.

Doubt. I muſt Compoſe my ſelf.

La. *Sha.* Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

Doubt. Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant.

La. *Sha.* It is not fit I ſhould loſe this opportunity, to tell you that, (which perhaps may not be unacceptable to a perſon of your Complexion,) who is ſo much a Gentleman, that I'll ſwear I have not ſeen your equal.

Doubt. Dear Madam, you confound me with your Praiſes.

La. *Sha.* I vow 'tis true; indeed I have ſtrugled with my ſelf before I thought fit to reveal this: but the conſideration of your great accompliſhments, do indeed, as it were, raviſh, or extort it from me, as I may ſo ſay.

Doubt. I beſeech you Madam.

La. *Sha.* There is Friend of mine, a Lady (whom the world has acknowledged to be well bred, and of Parts too, that I muſt ſay, and almoſt confeſs) not in the Bud indeed, but in the Flower of her Age, whom time has not yet invaded with his injuries; in fine, Envy cannot ſay that ſhe is leſs than a full ripe Beauty.

Doubt. That this Creature ſhould bring forth ſuch a Daughter. [*Aſide.*

La. *Sha.* Fair of Complexion, Tall, Streight, and ſhaped much above the ordinary; in ſhort, this Lady (whom many have Languiſhed, and Sigh'd in vain for) does of her ſelf, ſo much admire your Perſon, and your Parts, that ſhe extreamly deſires to contract a Friendſhip with you, intire to all intents and purpoſes.

Donbt. 'Tis impoſſible ſhe ſhould be in earneſt, Madam; but were ſhe, I cannot Marry ever.

La. *Sha.* Why ſhe is Married already, Lord how dull he is! ſhe is the beſt Friend I have

I have, Married to an old man, far above her ſpritely years.

Doubt. What a Mother-in-Law am I like to have! [*Aſide.*

La. *Sha.* Can you not Gueſs who this is all this while?

Doubt. Too well. *To himſelf.*

Not I, truly, Madam. [*To her.*

La. *Sha.* Ha, ha, ha: No! that's ſtrange; ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. I cannot poſſibly.

La. *Sha.* Ha, ha, ha. Il'l ſwear! ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. No, I'll ſwear.

La. *Sha.* 'Tis very much, you are an ill gueſſer, I'll vow; ha, ha, ha. Oh Lord! not yet?

Doubt. not yet, nor ever can.

La. *Sha.* Here's Company, retire.

Enter *Smerk* and *Tegue* O *Divelly.*

Smerk. *I am all on fire, what is it that Inſpires me? I thought her ugly once, but this morning thought her ugly. And thus to burn in love already! Sure I was blind, ſhe is a beauty greater than my fancy er'e could form; a minute's abſence is death to me.*

Prieſt. *Phaat Joy, dou art in Meditaation and Conſideraation upon ſomething? if it be a Scruple upon thy Conſcience, I believe I vill maak it out unto dee.*

Smerk, *No Sir, I am only ruminating a while; I am inflamed with her affection. O* Suſan! Suſan! *Ah me! Ah me!*

Prieſt. *Phaat doſt dou not mind me? nor put dy thought upon me? I do deſire to know of dy Faather's Child, what he does differ from de Caatholick Church in, by my fait it is a braave Church, and a gaallant Church (de Devil taak mee) I vill tell you now, phare is dere ſuch a one? vill you ſpeak unto me now, Joy; hoh!*

Smerk. *'Tis a fine Church, a Church of Spendour, and riches, and power, but there are ſome things in it* ———

Prieſt. *Shome things! Phaat doſht dou taalk of ſhome things? By my ſhoule I vill not ſee a better Church in a ſhommers day, indeed, dan de Caatholik Church. I tell you there is braave Dignities, and Promotions too; what vill I ſhay unto you? by St.* Phaatrick, *but I do beleeve I vil be a Cardinel before I vill have death. Dey have had not one* Eeriſh *Cardinal a great while indeed.*

Smerk. *What power is this that urges me ſo faſt? Oh, Love! Love!*

Prieſt. *Phaat doſht dou ſhay, doſht dou love Promotions and Dignities? den I predee now be a Caatholick. What vill I ſay unto you more? but I vill tell you, You do ſhay dat de Caatholicks may be ſhaved; and de Caatholicks do ſhay, dat you vill be after being damn'd; and phare is de ſolidity now of daat, daat dou vill not turne a good Caatholick?*

Smerk. *I cannot believe there is a Purgatory.*

Prieſt. *No! Phy, I vill tell you what I vill ſhay unto you, I have ſheen many Shoules of Purgatory dat did appear unto me: And by my trot, I do know a Shoule when I do ſhee it, and de Shoules did ſpeak unto me, and did deſhire of me dat I vould pray dem out of that plaaſhe: And dere Parents, and Friends did give me ſhome Money, and I did pray 'em out. Without Money indeed, we cannot pray dem out; no fait.*

Smerk. *That may not be ſo hard; but for Tranſubſtantiation, I can never believe it.*

Prieſt. *Phaat doſht not beleeve de Cooncel of* Trent, *Joy? dou vilt be damn'd indeed,*

and

and de Devil take me, if dou doſht not beleeve it. I vill tell you phaat vill I ſay to you a Cooncel ir infallible; and I tell you, de Cardinals are infalible too, upon occaſion, and dey are damn'd Hereticks Dogs, by my ſhoulvaation, dat do not believe every oord dey vill ſpeak indeed.

Smerk. *I feel a flame within me; oh Love, Love! whither wilt thou carry me?*

Prieſt. *Art thou in love Joy? by my ſhoule dou doſht commit fornicaation; I vill tell you it is a venial Sin, and I vill after be abſolving you for it: but if dou doſht Commit Marriage, it is mortall, and dou vilt be damn'd and bee fait and trot. I predee now vill dou fornicate and not Marry: for my ſhaak now vilt dou fornicate.*

Smerk. *ſure I am bewitch'd.*

Prieſt. *Bewitch'd in love, Aboo! boo! I'll tell you now, you muſt taak de Womands * Shoe dat dou doſht Love ſho, and dou muſt maak a Jaakes of it, dat is to ſhay, dou muſt lay a Sirreverence, and be in it, and it will maak cure upon dee.*

* *Vide Scott.* Diſcovery *&c.*

Smerk. Oh! the Witch! the Witch! *Mal. Spencer*; I am ſtruck in my Bowels, take her away, there, oh! I have a Thouſand Needles in me, take her away, *Mal. Spencer.*

Prieſt. Phaare is ſhe, *Mal. Spencer. Exorcizo te, Conjuro tē in Nomine, &c.*

[He mutters and Croſſes himſelf.

Smerk. Oh, I have a Million of Needles Pricking my Bowels.

Prieſt. I vill ſet up a hubbub for dee, help! help! who is dere? help, Aboo, boo boo.

Enter Sir *Jeffery*, and *Lady*, and *Suſan.*

Smerk. Oh Needles! Needles! Take away *Mal. Spencer*, take her away.

Sir *Jeff.* He is bewitch'd, ſome Witch has gotten his image, and is tormenting it.

Prieſt. Hold him, and I vill taak ſome courſe vid him, he is poſſeſs'd, or obeſs'd, I vill touch him vid ſome Relicks.

Suſan. Oh, good Sir, help him, what ſhall I do for him?

La. *Sha.* Get ſome Lead melted (and holding over his body) power it into a Poringer ful of Water, and if there appear any image upon the Lead, then he is bewitch'd. [*This experiment is to be found in* Mal. Malefic.

Prieſt. Peaſh? I ſhay, here is ſhome of St. *Phaatricks* own Whisker, and ſome of the Snuff he did uſe to taak, that did hang upon his Beard; here is a Tooth of St. *Winifred*, indeed, here is Corn from de Toe of St. *Ignatius*, and here is de paring, of his Nails too. [*He rubs him with theſe Relicks.*

Smerk. O worſe, worſe, take her away.

Prieſt. By my ſhoul it is a veay ſtrong Devil, I vill try ſome more, here is St. *Caaterine* de Virgins Wedding-Ring, here is one of St. *Bridgets* Nipples of her Tuggs, by my ſhoule, here is ſome of de ſweat of St. *Francis*, and here is a peice of St. *Laurence's* Gridiron, deſe vill make Cure upon any ſhickneſs, if it be not ones laſht ſhickneſs.

Suſan. What will become of me, I have poyſon'd him, I ſhall loſe my Lover, and be hang'd into the bargain.

Smerk. Oh! I dye, I dye, oh, oh.

Prieſt. By my ſhoul it is a very ſtrong Devil, a very aable Devil, I vill run and fetch ſhome Holy-vater [*Ex. Prieſt.*

Suſan. Look up dear Sir, ſpeak to me, ah woes me, Mr. *Smerk*, Mr. *Smerk*,

Sir *Jeff.* This *Iriſh*-man is a Gallant man about Witches, he out does me.

La. *Sha.* But I do not know what to think of his Popiſh way, his words his Charms, and Holy Water, and Relicks, methinks he is guilty of Witchcraft too, and you ſhould ſend him to Gaol for it.

Smerk. Oh! oh!

Enter Prieſt with a Bottle of Holy-Water.

Prieſt. Now, I varrant you Joy, I vill do de Devil's buſineſs for him, now I have dis Holy-vater. [*The Bottle flies out of his hand.*

Phaat is de matter now? phare is dis Devil dat does taak my Holy-Vater from me? He is afraid of it; I ſhe my bottle, but I do not ſhee de Devil does taak it. I vill Catch it from him. [*The Bottle, as he reaches at it, flys from him.*

Sir *Jeff.* This is wonderful!

La. *Sha.* Moſt amazing!

Prieſt. *Conjuro te malum damonem, Conjuro te peſſimum Spiritum; redde mihi meum* (*dic Latine*) Bottle, phaat vill I do? It is gone. [*It flyes quite away.*

La. *Sha.* 'Tis ſtrange: You ſee he does not fear holy-water.

Prieſt. I tell you phaat is de matter, by my Shoul he vill touch de Botle, becauſe daat is not Conſecrate; but, by fait, he will not meddle vid de Vater. I will fetch ſhome, I have in a Baaſhon. [*He runes out and fetches a Baſon of Water.*

Suſan. He lyes as if he were aſleep.

Smerk. Oh! I begin to have ſome eaſe.

Prieſt. I did never meet vid a Devil dat did Coſht ſo much labour before.

[*He throws Water in* Smerks *Face.*

Exorciſo te Damonem, fuge, fuge; Exorciſe te, per Melchiſedeck, *per* Bethlehem Gabor, *per omne quod exit in um, ſeu Græcum ſive Latinum.*

Smerk. I am much better now, and the Witch is gone.

Suſan. Good Sir retire to your Chamber, I will fetch ſome Cordials.

Smerk. Sweet beautiful Creature; How am I Enamour'd with thee! Thy beauty dazles like the Sun in his *Meridian.*

Sir *Jeff.* Beauty, Enamoured! Why he ſeems diſtracted ſtill; lead him to his Chamber, and let him reſt.

Prieſt. Now Joy, doſht dou ſhe, I have maad a Miracle by my ſhoule. Phen vill I ſhe one of your Church maake a Miracle, hoh? by my ſhoulvaation dey cannot maake Miracles out of de Caatholick Church, I tell you now, hoh.

[*Mother* Demdike *enters inviſible to them, and boxes the Prieſt.*

Phaat is de matter now, ah? by my ſhoule ſhomething does cuff upon my faaſh, an bee, *Exorciſo te in nomine, nomine*, by my ſhoule Saatan, I vill pelt dee vid Holy-Vater indeed; he is Angry dat I did maake a Miracle.

[*Mother* Demdike *gets behind him, and Kicks and Beates him.*

La. *Sha.* What is this, I hear the blows, and ſee nothing.

Sir *Jeff.* So do I, I am frighted and amazed, let's fly. [*Ex. Sir* Jeff. *and* La.

Prieſt. Oh, oh, vat is dis for Joy, oh, all my Holy-vater is gone, I muſt fly.

[*He mutters and Croſſes himſelf, and the Witch beats him out.*

Enter

Enter *Belfort* and *Iſabella*.

Bell. All this day have I watched for this opportunity, let me improve it now. Conſider, Madam, my extream love to you, and your own hatred to that Fool, for whom you are deſigned to morrow.

Iſab. My conſent is to be had firſt.

Bell. Your Father's reſentment of your refuſal, may put you out of all poſſibility of making me happy, or providing for your own Content.

Iſab. To Marry one againſt his Conſent is a Crime he'll ne'er forgive.

Bell. Though his Engagement to Sir *Jeffery* would make him refuſe his Conſent beforehand, he is too reaſonable a man to be troubled afterwards, at your Marrying to a better Eſtate, and to one that loves more than he can tell you: I have not words for it.

Iſab. Though I muſt confeſs you may deſerve much better, would you not imagine were very forward to receive you upon ſo ſhort an acquaintance?

Bell. Would I had a Caſement in my Breaſt. Make me not, by your delay, the miſerableſt wretch on Earth: (which I ſhall ever be without you) think quickly Madam, you have not time to conſider long, I lay my ſelf at your Feet, to be for ever made happy or miſerable by you.

Iſab. How ſhall I be ſure you'll not deceive me? Theſe haſty vows, like Angry words, ſeldom ſhow the Heart.

Bell. By all the Powers of Heaven and Earth.

Iſab. Hold, Swear not, I had better take a man of honour at his word.

Bell. And may Heaven throw its Curſes on me when I break it; my Chaplain's in the Houſe, and paſſes for my Valet de Chambre. Will you for ever make me Happy, Madam?

Iſab. I'll truſt your honour, and I'll make my ſelf ſo; I throw my ſelf upon you, uſe me noblely: now 'tis out.

Bell. Uſe yee, as I would uſe my Soul; my Honour, my Heart, my Life, my Liberty, and all I have is yours. There's not a man in all the World, that I can envy now, or wiſh to be.

Iſab. Take care, we ſhall be ſpyed: The ſhort time I have to reſolve in, will, I hope, make you have a better Opinion of my modeſty, than otherwiſe you would have occaſion for.

Bell. Deareſt, Sweeteſt of Creatures! my Joy diſtracts me, I cannot ſpeak to you.

Iſab. For Heavens ſake leave me, if you raiſe a Jealouſie in the Houſe I am ruin'd, we'll meet ſoon.

Bell. Adieu, my Life! my Soul! I am all obedience. [*Exit* Belfort.

Enter *Theodoſia*.

Iſab. Oh my Dear, I am happy, all's out that pained me ſo; my Lover knows I love him.

Theo. I have confeſſed to my Ghoſtly Father too, and my Conſcience is at eaſe.

Iſab. Mine received the news with more Joy, than he could put in words.

Enter Sir *Jeffery*, Lady, and Sir *Timothy*.

Theo. And mine in rapture; I am the happieſt Woman Living.

Iab. I'll not yield to you at all in that.

Theo. There's no cauſe I would not ſubmit to you in, but this my Dear.

Iſab. I will hold out in this cauſe while I have breath, I am happier in my Choice than all the World can make me.

Theo. Mine is the Handſomeſt, Wittieſt, moſt accompliſht Gentleman——

Iſab. Mine is the Beautifulleſt, ſweeteſt, well ſhap'd, well bred, wittieſt Gentleman—

Sir *Tim.* That muſt be I, whom ſhe means, for all my Quarrels with her.

La. *Sha.* Peace; we ſhall hear more.

Theo. Little think our Fathers how happy we ſhall be to Morrow.

Sir *Jeff.* What's that? Liſten.

Iſab. (If no unlucky Accident ſhould hinder us) we ſhall be far happier than they can imagine.

Theo. How we have cheated them all this while!

Iſab. 'S life they are behind us, ſtir not. We have hidden our Love from them all this while.

La. *Sha.* Have you ſo? but we ſhall find it now. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. Your Brother little thinks I love him ſo; for I have been croſs and coy to him on purpoſe. I ſhall be the Happieſt Woman in him I am to have, that ever was.

Theo. I could wiſh your Brother lov'd me, as well as mine does you. For never Woman loved the Man ſhe was to Marry, as I do him, I am to have to Morrow.

Sir *Jeff.* That's my beſt Daughter, thou wert ever a good Child, nay bluſh not, all is out, we heard ye both.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, all is out, my pretty Dear Diſſembler; well I proteſt and vow, I am mightily obliged to you for your great Love to me, and good opinion of me.

La. *Sha.* I hope to morrow will be a happy day for both our Families.

Enter Sir *Edward*, *Belfort* and *Doubty*, and Muſicians.

Oh, Sir *Edward*, is not that ſtrange I told you, I ſhould not have believed it, if I had not ſeen it?

Sir *Edw.* And pray give me the ſame Liberty: But now we'll have ſome Muſick, that's good againſt Inchantment; ſing me the Song I commanded you, and then we'll have a dance before we go to Bed.

Song.

Enter *Prieſt*.

Prieſt. Hoh, 'tis a pretty Shong, but I vill ſhing a brave Cronan now, dat is better I tell you. [*He ſings.*

Sir *Edw.* 'Tis very fine, but ſing me one Song more in three Parts, to ſweeten our Ears, for all that. * Why, what's the matter? you gape and make Faces, and do not ſing, what's the matter, are you mad?

* They gape and ſtrain, but cannot ſing but make an ugly noiſe.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. Do you play, play, play I ſay, Oh they are bewitch'd, I vill ſtay no more.

Sir *Edw.* Play I ſay.

Muſic. I can't, my Arms are on the ſudden ſtiff as marble, I cannot move them.

[*They hold up their bows, but cannot play.* [*Exit* Prieſt.

Sir *Edw.* Sure this is Roguery, and Confederacy.

Prieſt. *Conjuro te, conjuro in nomine,* &c.

Sir *Edw.* Hold, hold; prithee don't duck us all, we are not all bewitch'd.

{*The* Prieſt *comes in with Holy-Water and flings it upon them ſo long till they run out roaring.*

Prieſt. I tell you it iſh good for you an bee, and vill defend you upon occaaſion.

Sir *Jeff.* Now you ſee, Sir, with your own Eyes; cannot you give us a Receipt to make Holy-water?

Prieſt. A Reſheit, aboo, boo, boo; by my Shoule he is a Fool. I have maade two Hogſheads gra, and I vill have you vaſh all de Rooms vid it, and de Devill vill not come upon de plaaſh by my Shalvaation.

Bell. 'Tis a little odd; but however, I ſhall not fly from my Belief, that every thing is done by Natural Cauſes, becauſe I cannot preſently aſſign thoſe Cauſes.

Sir *Edw.* You are in the right, we know not the powers of matter.

Doubt. When any thing unwonted happens, and we not ſee the cauſe, we call it unnatural and miraculous.

Prieſt. by my Shoule you do talke like Heretick-Dogs, and Aatheiſts.

Sir *Edw.* Let us enquire farther about theſe Muſicians.

Prieſt. I vill maake ſhome Miracles, and I think I vill be after reconcileing dem indeed, oh dou damn'd vitch.

[*Ex. all but Prieſt.*

Now I doe ſhee dee, I vill beat upon dee vid my Beads and Crucifix, oh, oh, ſhee is a damn'd Proteſtant Heretick Vitch, daat is de reaſon ſhe will not fly, oh, oh, oh.

{*Mother* Dick *riſes up, and boxes him, he ſtrikes her with Beads, and ſhe him with her Staff, and beats him out.*

[*Ex. Prieſt.*

Enter Tom Shacklehead, *and* Clod, *in the Field.*

Tom Sha. By'r Lady 'tis meety ſtrong Ale, Ay am well neegh drunken, and my Nephew will be ſtark wood, his Hawks want their Pidgeons aw this neeght.

Clod. Why what wouden yeow bee a Angee? Fleſh, Ay ha getten de Bridle by'r Lady, Ayſt ma ſome body carry mee, and be my Titt too.

Tom. Thou'rt a ſtrange Fillee (Horſe I ſhould ſay;) why didſt thou think thou waſt a Titt, when th' Bridle was on thee.

Clod. Ay marry, I know weel I am ſure, I wot I was a Titt, a meer Titt.

Tom. Liſten, ther's a noiſe of a woman in the Ayr, it comes towards us.

Clod. Ay by th' Maſs, 'tis Witches.

Witches above. Here this way, no that way, make haſt, follow the dame, wee ſhall be too late, 'tis time enough; away, away, away.

Tom. Waunds and Fleſh, it is a flock of Witches by'r Lady, they come reeght ore Head, I'ſt let fly at 'em, hah, be th' Maſs I ha maimed one, here's one has a Wing brocken at leaſt.

[*He ſhoots,* M. Spencer *ſhrieks, and falls down.*

Clod. M. Spencer by th' Maſs.

M. Spen. O Rogues! I'll be revenged on you, Dogs, Villains, you have broken my Arm.

Clod.

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Clod. I was made a Horſe, a Titt by thee, by th' Maſs I'ſt be revenged o'thee.

[*He puts the Bridle upon her.*

A Horſe, a Horſe, be thou to me,
And carry me where e'er I flee.

[*He flies away upon her.*

Tom. O'ds Fleſh, what's this; I connot believe my Senſes; I mun walk home alone, but I'll charge my piece again by'r Lady, and the Haggs come agen I'ſt have t'other Shoot at 'em. [*Ex.* Tom. Shack.

The Scene returns to Sir Edwards *Houſe.*

Enter Belfort *and Doubty.*

Bell. My Dear Friend, I am ſo tranſported with exceſs of Joy, it is become a Pain, I cannot bear it.

Doubt. Dear *Bellfort!* I am in the ſame Caſe, but (if the hope tranſport us ſo) what will Enjoyment do?

Bell. My Bloud is Chill, and ſhivers when I think on't.

Doubt. One night with my Miſtreſs would out weigh an Age of Slavery to come.

Bell. Rather than be without a Nights enjoyment of mine, I would be hang'd next Morning: I am impatient till they appear.

Doubt. They are Women of Honour, and will keep their Words; your Parſon's ready, and three or four of our Servants for Witneſſes.

Bell. He is ſo, 'twill be diſpatch'd in half a quarter of an Hour, all are retired to Bed.

Enter Lady *Shacklehead.*

Doubt. Go in, yonders my Lady Mother-in-Law coming, I muk contrive a way to ſecure her: in, in.

Bell. I go.

Doubt. Death, that this old Fellow ſhould be aſleep already! ſhe comes now to diſcover, what I know too well already.

La. *Sha.* He is there I'll ſwear, a punctual Gentleman, and a Perſon of much Honour; Sir, I am come according to your Appointment; Sir *Jeffery* is faſt.

Doubt. 'Tis before I expected, Madam, I thought to have left *Belfort* aſleep, who is a Jealous Man, and believes there is an Intrigue betwixt your Ladyſhip and me.

La. *Sha.* I vow: Hah, ha, ha, ha. Me! no, no; ha, ha, ha.

Doubt. Retire for a ſhort time, and when I have ſecured him, I'll wait on you; but let it be i'th' dark.

La. *Sha.* You ſpeak like a diſcreet and worthy Perſon, remember this Room, there's no Body lies in it; I will ſtay there in the dark for you. [*Ex. Lady*

Doubt. Your moſt humble Servant. Well, I will go to the Ladies Chamber as if I miſtook it for mine, and let them know this is the time.

Enter *Tegue* O *Divelly.*

Prieſt. Dere is ſhometimes de pretty Wenches doe walke here in the dark at night,

night, and by my Shoulvaation if I doe catch one, I vill be after enjoying her Body: And fait and trot I have a great need too, it is a venial Sin, and I do not care.

Doubt. Death, who is here? ſtay Ladies, here's the damn'd Prieſt in the way.

Enter Doubty *with a Candle.*

Iſab. Go you, we'll follow by and by in the dark. {*The Ladies retire,* Doubty *goes to his Chamber.*

Enter Lady *Shacklehead.*

La. *Sha.* I hear one trampling, he is come already, ſure *Bellfort* is aſleep; who is there.

Prieſt. By my Shoul it is a Woman's Speech, 'tis I; where are you? by my fait I vill maak a Child upon her Body.

La. *Sha.* Mr. *Doubty.*

Prieſt. Ay, let me put a ſweet kiſh upon dy Hand Joy, and now I vill Shalute dy Mout, and I vill Embraaſh dy Body too indeed.

La. *Sha.* 'S life, I ani miſtaken, this is the Iriſh Prieſt; his underſtanding is ſure to betray him.

Prieſt. I predee now Joy be not niſhe, I vill maak ſhome good ſport vid dee indeed. [*La. pulls her Hand away and flies.*

Hoo now, phaare is dy Hand now? oh, Here it is by my Shoule. {*Enter Mother* Dickenſon *and puts her Hand into the Prieſts.*

I vill uſe dee braavely upon occaaſion, I vill tell you, pridee kiſh me upon my Faaſh now, it is a brave kiſh indeed. [*The Witch kiſſes him.*

By my Shoul dou art very handſome, I doe know it, dough I cannot ſhee dee. I predee now retire vid me, aboo, aboo, by my ſhoule dis is a Gaallant occaaſion, come Joy. [*Ex. Prieſt and Witch.*

Enter Lady.

La. *Sha.* What's the meaning of this? He talked to ſome Woman, and kiſſed her too, and is retired into the Chamber I was in.

Iſab. Every thing is quiet, I hear no noiſe. [*Enter* Iſab. *and* Theo.

Theo. Nor I, this is the happy time.

La. *Sha.* This muſt be he; who's there?

Theo. 'S life! This is my Mother's Voice, retire ſoftly.

Iſab. Oh Misfortune! What makes her here! we are undone if ſhe diſcovers us.

La. *Sha.* Who's there I ſay? will you not anſwer? what can this mean? 'tis not a Wench I hope for *Doubty*, and then I care not. [*Iſab.* and *Theo.* retire.

Enter Prieſt and Witch.

I am impatient till he comes; ha, whom have we here? I am ſure this is not he, he does not come that way.

Prieſt. By my ſhoul Joy, dou art a Gaallant peece of Fleſh, a braave Bedfollow, phoo art dou?

Dick. One that loves you dearly.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. Phaat vill I doe to ſhee dy faſh I wonder? Oh, here's a Light approaching unto us.

La. *Sha.* Who's this with a light? I muſt fly. [*Ex. La.* Sha.

Enter Suſan *with a Candle.*

Prieſt. Now I vill ſhee dy faaſh.

Suſan. O Sir, are you there? I am going to M. *Smerk* with this Caudle, poor Man.

Prieſt. O phaat have I done? Oh! de Vich! de Vich! } *The Witch ſinks, ſhe lets fall the Caudle and Candle, and runs away ſhrieking.*

Suſan. Oh! the Witch! the Witch!

Prieſt. By my Shoule I have had Communication and Copulaation too vid a Succubus; Oh! phaat vill I do! phaat vill I do! by my fait and trot, I did thought ſhee had been a braave and gallaant Lady, and bee, oh! oh! oh! [*Ex.* Prieſt.

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. *Sha.* What ſhriek was that? hah! here's no Body, ſure all's clear now!

Enter Iſabella *and* Theodoſia.

Iſab. I heard a ſhriek, this is the time to venture, they are frighted out of the Gallery, and all's clear now.

Theo. Let's venture; we ſhall have people ſtirring very early this morning to prepare for the Wedding elſe.

La. *Sha.* Ha! who's that? I am terribly afraid: Heaven! what's this! the Chamber door open'd, and I ſaw a Woman or two go in, I am enraged, I'll diſturb 'em. } Iſab. *and* Theo. *creep ſoftly into* Belfort *and* Doubty's *Chamber.*

Iſabella, Theodoſia, Belfort, Doubty *diſguis'd, Parſon and Servants in the Chamber.*

Iſab. You ſee we are Women of Words, and Women of Courage too, that dare venture upon this dreadfull Buſineſs.

Bell. Welcome, more welcome than all the Treaſures of the Sea and Land.

Doubt. More welcome than a Thouſand Angels.

Theo. Death! we are undone, one knocks. [*La.* Shack. *knocks.*

Bell. Curſe on 'em; keep the Door faſt.

La. *Sha.* Gentlemen, open the Door for Heaven's ſake, quickly.

Iſab. Open it, we are ruined elſe; wee'l into the Bed, you know what you have to doe. [*They cover themſelves.*

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. *Sha.* Gentlemen, the Houſe is allarm'd with Witches, and I ſaw two come to this Chamber, and come to give you notice.

Bell. Here are none but whom you ſee,

Doubt. They come invisibly then; for we had our Eyes on the Door.

La. *Sha.* Are they not about the Bed ſome where? Let's ſearch.

Bell. There are no Witches there, I can aſſure you.

La. *Sha.* Look a little, I warrant you. [*Sir* Jeffery *knocks without.*

Sir *Jeff.* Open the Door quickly, quickly, the Witches are there.

La.

La. *Sha.* Oh! my Husband! I am ruin'd if he ſees me here.

Doubt. Put out the Candles, lie down before the door. {*He enters, and ſtumbles upon the Servant.*

Sir *Jeff.* Oh! Oh! I have broken my Knees, this is the Witches doing: I have loſt my Wife too: lights, lights there.

La. *Sha.* I'll not ſtay here. [*She creeps out ſoftly.*

Iſab. Here's no ſtaying for us.

Theo. Quickly, go by the Wall. [*They ſteal on.*

Sir *Jeff.* For Heav'n's ſake let's into the Gallery and call for lights.

Bell. A Curſe upon this Fellow, and all ill luck.

Doubt. Hell take him, the Ladies are gone too.

ACT V.

Enter Belfort *and* Doubty.

Bell. WHat unfortunate diſappointments have we met with.

Doubt. All ill luck has conſpired againſt us this night.

Bell. We have been near being diſcover'd, which would have ruin'd us.

Doubt. And we have but this night to doe our Buſineſs in, if we diſpatch not this affair now, all will come out to Morrow.

Bell. I tremble to think on't; ſure the ſurprize the Ladies were in before, has frighted 'em from attempting again.

Doubt. I rather think that they have met with People in the Gallery, that have prevented 'em.

Bell. Now I reflect, I am apt to think ſo too; for they ſeem to be very hearty in this Matter. Once more go to their Chamber.

Doubt. Go you in then to ours. [*Bell. goes in.*

Enter Lady Shacklehead.

La. *Sha.* Hold, Mr. *Doubty.*

Doubt. A Curſe on all damn'd Luck, Is ſhe here? [*Aſide.*
Sweet Madam, Is it you? I have been watching for *Bellfort*'s ſleeping ever ſince.

La. *Sha.* I ventured hard, ſince Sir *Jeffery* miſs'd me out of Bed; I had much a-do to faſten an excuſe upon him.

Doubt. I am ſo afraid of *Bellfort*'s coming, Madam, he was here but even now: The hazard of your Honour puts me in an Agony.

La. *Sha.* O dear Sir, put out the Candle, and he can never diſcover any thing; beſides, we will retire into yon Room.

Doubt. Death! What ſhall I do now? [*She puts out the Candle.*

La. *Sha.* And ſince it is dark, and you cannot ſee my Bluſhes, I muſt tell you, you are a very ill gueſſer; for I my ſelf was the perſon I deſcrib'd.

Doubt. Oh Madam! you raille me, I will never believe it while I live, it is impoſſible.

La. *Sha.* I'll ſwear 'tis true; Let us withdraw into that Room, or we ſhall be diſcover'd. Oh Heaven, I am undone, my Husband with a light run into your Chamber.

Doubt. 'Tis a happy deliverance. [*Aſide.* [*Ex.* Doubty.

La. *Sha.* I'll counterfeit walking in my ſleep.

Enter Sir Jeffery *with a Light.*

Sir *Jeff.* Where is this Wife of mine? She told me ſhe fell faſt aſleep in the Cloſet at her Prayers, when I miſt her before; and I found her there at my coming back to my Chamber: But now ſhe is not there, I am ſure. Ha! here ſhe is. Ha! what is ſhe blind? ſhe takes no notice of me; how gingerly ſhe treads.

La. *Sha.* Oh! ſtand of—who's that would kill my dear Sir *Jeffery?* Stand off, I ſay.

Sir *Jeff.* Oh Lord, kill me! where! ha! here's no body.

La. *Sha.* Oh! the Witch, the Witch, oh ſhe pulls the cloaths off me. Hold me, Sir *Jeffery*, hold me.

Sir *Jeff.* On my Conſcience and Soul ſhe walks in her ſleep.

La. *Sha.* Oh, all the Cloaths are off, cover me; oh I am ſo cold!

Sir *Jeff.* Good lack a day, is it ſo! my Dear, my Lady.

La. *Sha.* Hah, ha! [*She opens her eyes and ſhrieks.*

Sir *Jeff.* Wake I ſay, wake.

La. *Sha.* Ah.

Sir *Jeff.* 'Tis I, my dear.

La. *Sha.* Oh Heav'n! Sir *Jeffery*, where am I?

Sir *Jeff.* Here in the Gallery.

La. *Sha.* Oh! how came I here?

Sir *Jeff.* Why, thou didſt walk in thy ſleep; good lack a day, I never ſaw the like.

La. *Sha.* In my ſleep, ſay you? Oh Heav'n! I have catcht my death. Let's to Bed, and tell me the ſtory there.

Sir *Jeff.* Come on. Ha, ha, ha, this is ſuch a jeſt! walk in your ſleep! gods niggs, I ſhall ſo laugh at this in the morning.

La. *Sha.* This is a happy come off, [*Aſide.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Theodoſia.

Iſab. If we do not get into this Chamber ſuddenly, we are undone: They are up in the Offices already.

Theo. Never have adventures been ſo often diſappointed, in ſo ſhort a time.

Iſab. There's no body in the Gallery now, we may go.

Theo. Haſt then, and let us fly thither.

Iſab. } Ah, what's this? { *Juſt as they are entring, Chaplain and*
Theo. } { Suſan *enter with a Candle.*

Suſan. Oh! the Witches, the Witches.

Smerk. Oh mercy upon us, where is this Candle? So let me tell you, 'Twas no Witch; they were the two young Ladies, that frighted my dear beautious love ſo; and I'll acquaint their Parents with it, I'll aſſure you.

Suſan. This is ſtrange, what could they have to doe at this time o'th night?

Smerk.

Smerk. I know not. But I well know what I have to doe. I am inflam'd beyond all measure, with thy heavenly Beauty.

Susan. Alas! my beauty is but moderate; yet none of the worst, I must needs say.

Smerk. 'Tis blasphemy to say so; your eyes are bright like two Twin Stars; your Face is an Ocean of beauty; and your Nose a Rock arising from it, on which my heart did split: Nothing but Ruby and Pearl is about thee; I must blazon thee by Jewels, thy beauty is of a Noble rank.

Susan. Good lack, what fine language is this! well, 'tis a rare thing to be a Scholar.

Smerk. 'Tis a miracle I should not think her handsome before this day; she is an Angel! *Isabella* is a *Dowdy* to her. You have an unexhausted mine of beauty. Dear Mrs. *Susan* cast thy Smiles upon me, and let me labour in thy Quarry: Love makes me Eloquent and Allegorical.

Susan. Sweet Sir, you oblige me very much by your fine Language; but I vow I understand it not: yet methinks it goes very prettily.

Smerk. I will unfold my heart unto thee; let me approach thy lip. Oh fragrant! fragant! *Arabia felix* is upon this lip.

Susan. Ha! upon my lip, what's that? I have nothing, I have no pimple, nor any thing upon my lip, not I.

Smerk. Sweet Innocence——— I will be plain; I am inflam'd within, and would enjoy thy lovely Body in Sweet dalliance.

Susan. How Sir! do you pretend to be a Divine, and would commit this sin! know, I will preserve my Honour and my Conscience.

Smerk. Conscience? why so you shall, as long as our minds are united. The Casuists will tell you, it is a Marriage in *foro Conscientiæ*; and besides, the Church of *Rome* allows Fornication: And truly it is much practis'd in our Church too. Let us retire, come, come.

Susan. Stand off, I defie you: your Casuists are Knaves, and you are a Papist, you are a foul voluptuous Swine, and I will never smile on you more. Farewell.

Smerk. Hold, hold, Dear, Beautuous Creature, I am at thy mercy: Must I marry then? speak. Prethee spare me that, and I'll doe any thing.

Susan. Stand off, I scorn thy love; thou art a pitious Fellow,

Smerk. Dear Mrs. *Susan* hear me; let us but do the thing, and then I'll marry thee.

Susan. I'll see thee hang'd e're I'll trust thee, or e're a Whoremaster of you all. No, I have been serv'd that trick too often already, I thank you. [*Aside.*

Smerk. Must I then Marry?

Enter Isabella *and* Theodosia *disguised, with Vizors like Witches.*

Isab. Yonder's the Chaplain and *Susan*; But this disguise will fright 'em.

Theo. Let's on, we must venture.

Susan. Oh! the Witches, the Witches.

Smerk. Oh! fly, fly. [*Ex.* Susan *and Chaplain.*

Enter Belfort *and* Doubty.

Bell. What shriek was that?

Doubt. We have been several times allarm'd with these Noises.

Bell. Here's nothing but madness and confusion in this Family

Isab. Heav'n! who are these whispering?

Doubt. Who's this I have hold on, heav'n grant it be not my Lady.

Theo. 'Tis I, 'tis *Theodosia*.

Doubt. 'Tis lucky now—— where is your fair Companion?

Theo. Here.

Doubt. And here's my Friend——

Bell. A thousand Blessings on you.

Priest. Phoo are dese?

Enter Priest with a Candle.

Bell. Heav'n what's this, the damn'd Priest? These disguises will serve our turn yet: oh, Sir we are haunted with Witches here, run in quickly for some Holy-water.

Priest. I vill; I vill, let me alone. [*Ex Priest.*

Bell. Now in, in quickly. [*Ex.* Bell. Doubt. *Isab. and* Theo.

Enter Priest with Holy-water.

Priest. Phaar is dese Vitches? phaar are dey? hah, dey are Waniſht for fear of me, I vill put dish down in dis plaash for my defence; what vill I do now? I have maad fornicaation vid dis Vitch or Succubus indeed; when I do go home, I vill be after being absolv'd for it, and den I vill be as Innocent as de child unborn by my shoul. I have hang'd my self all round vid reliques indeed, and de Sprights and de Vitches cannot hurt me, fait and trot. ——

Enter Mother Dickenson.

M. Dick. My Dear, I come to visit thee again.

Priest. Phaat is here, de Vitch agen does come to haunt me, *Benedicite*—out upon dee dou damn'd Vitch, vat dosht dou come upon me for? I defy dee, a plaague taak dee indeed.

M. Dick. I am no Witch, I am a poor Innocent woman, and a Tenant of Sir *Edward*'s, and one that loves you dearly.

Priest. Dou plaagy Vitch, let me come unto my holy vater, and I vill pay dee off indeed! Toh, by my shalvation 'tis all flown away —— Oh dou damn'd Vitch! I vill hang dee indeed.

M. Dick. Preedee be kinder, my Dear, and kiss me.

Priest. Out, out, kiss dee—a plaague taak dee, Joy; stand off upon me, by my shoulvaation, I vil kiss the dogs Arse, shaving dy presence, before I vill be after kishing dee:

M. Dick. Be not so unkind to thy own Dear, Thou didst promise me Marriage, thou know'st, and I come to claim thee for my Husband.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo, Mariage! Vat vill I Marry vid a Vitch? by my shoul—— *Conjuro te*; *fuge*, *fuge*.

M. Dick. Do not think to put me off with your Latine; for do you hear Sir, you promised me Marriage, and I will have you.

Priest. Oh phaat vill I do? vat vill I do?

M. Dick. This morning I will marry you, I'll stay no longer, you are mine.

Priest.

Prieſt. By my ſhoul, Joy, I vill tell you, I am a Romiſh Prieſt, and I cannot Maarry; What would you have now?

M. Dick. You ſhall turn Proteſtant then, for I will have you.

Prieſt. By St. *Paatrick*, phaat does ſhe ſay? Oh damn'd Proteſtant Vitch! I vill ſpeak thivilly, Madam, I vill tell dee now, if dou vill repair unto dine own Houſe, by my ſhoulvaation I vill come unto dee to morow, and I vill give dee ſatisfaaction indeed. [*Aſide.* As ſoon as ſhee does get home, fait and trot I vill bring de Conſtable, and hang her indeed.

M. Dick. I'll not be put off, I'll have you now. [*She lays hold on him.*

Prieſt. By my Shoul I vill not go, I vill hang dee for a Vitch; and now I do apprehend dee upon daat. Help, help!

Enter Tom Sha. *and* Clod.

I have taaken a Vitch indeed. Help, help.

M. Dick. I am your Wife.

Prieſt. Help, help, I have taken a Vitch.

Tom Sha. Ha! what's here? one of the Witches by th' Meſs.

Prieſt. Ay, by my Shoul, Joy; I have taaken her.

Tom Sha. Nay, by'r Lady, whoo has taken yeow by yeowr leave.

Clod. We han taken a Witch too; lay hawd on her.

M. Dick. *Debet, Debet*, little *Martin*, little *Martin*, where art thou little Maſter? where art thou, little Maſter?

Prieſt. Doſt dou mutter? By my ſhoule I vill hang dee, Joy; a plaague taak dee, indeed.

M. Dick. Thou art a Popiſh Prieſt, and I will hang thee.

Prieſt. I am Innocent as the Child unborn, I vil taak de Oades, and bee——

M. Dick. *Marmot*, *Maſtibon*, *Rowley*, *Pudding*, little Maſter, have you left me all?

Clod. We han got another Witch, who's ſtrongly guarded and Watched i'th ſtabo.

Tom Sha. Come let's hale her thither: We cou'd not get into the hawſe till naw, we came whoame ſo late at neeght.

Prieſt. Come let us taake de Vitch away; I vill hang dee, Joy——a plaague taake dee, fait.

M. Dick. Am I o'er-taken then?——I am Innocent, I am Innocent.

Tom Sha. Let us carry her thither, come along.

Prieſt. Pull her away——we will be after hanging of you, Fait and Trot. [*Ex.*

Enter Sir *Timothy*, and *Servant*, with a Candle.

Sir *Tim.* I could not reſt to night for the Joy of being Married to day. 'Tis a pretty Roghe——ſhe's ſome what Croſs——but I warrant her ſhe will love me, when ſhe has tryed me once.

Serv. Why would you riſe ſo ſoon? 'Tis not day yet.

Sir *Tim.* 'Tis no matter, I cannot ſleep man, I am to be Married, Sirrah.

Serv. Ay, and therefore you ſhould have ſlept now, that you might watch the better at night: For 'twill be uncivil to ſleep much upon your Wedding Night.

Sir *Tim.* Uncivil, ay that it will,——very uncivil; I wont ſleep a wink. Call my new Brother-in-Law; Oh here he is, he can't ſleep, neither.

Enter

Enter *Hartford*, and his Man with a Candle.

Yo. *Har.* Set down the Candle; and go bid the Groom get the Horses ready, I must away to the Powts.

Sir *Tim.* Oh brother, good morrow to you; what a Devil's this——what, booted? are you taking a Journey upon your wedding day.

Yo. *Har.* No, but I will not lose my Hawking this Morning; I will come back time enough to be Married, Brother.

Sir *Tim.* Well, breeding's a fine thing——this is a Strange ill-bred Fellow! what, Hawk upon your wedding day! I have other game to fly at——Oh how I long for night——why my Sister will think you care not for her.

Yo. *Har. Aside*, No more——I don't very much! a pox on Marrying, I love a Hawk, and a Dog, and a Horse, better than all the Women in the World. [*To him.* Why I can Hawk and Marry too: She shall see I love her: For I will leave off Hawking before Ten a Clock. *Enter* Servant.

Serv. Sir, I cannot come at the Horses, for the People have taken a brace of Witches, and they are in the stable under a strong Guard, that will let no body come at 'em.

Yo. *Har.* Uds Flesh, I shall have my Horses bewitch'd, and lose 500 Pounds worth of Horse Flesh.

Sir *Tim.* No, no, they can doe no hurt——when they are taken the Devil leaves 'em——Let's go see 'em——

Yo. *Har.* What shall we do? { *Their men taking up the Candles, two Spirits fly away with 'em.*

Sir *Tim.* Let us stand up close against the Wall.

Yo. *Har.* Listen, here are the Witches, what will become of us?

Enter *Isabella*, *Theocosia*, *Bellfort* and *Doubty*.

Bell. A Thousand blessings light on thee, my Dear pretty Witch.

Sir *Tim.* O Lord! there's the Devil too Courting of a Witch.

Doubt. This is the first Night I ever liv'd, thou Dearest, Sweetest Creature.

Yo. *Har.* Oh! sweet quoth a, that's more than I can say of my self at this time.

Isab. We will go and be decently prepared for the Wedding that's Expected.

Theo. Not a word of discovery till the last; creep by the Wall. Ha—who's here!

Isab. Where?

Yo. *Har.* Oh good Devil don't hurt us, we are your humble Servants.

Bell. In, in quickly—— [*Ex.* Bellfort *and* Doubty.

Sir *Tim.* Lights, Lights, Help, Help, Murder, Murder, Oh good Devil don't hurt me; I am a Whoremaster.

Yo. *Har.* And I am Drunkard; Help, Help, Murder. [*Ex.* Ladies.

Enter *Tom Shacklehead* with a Candle, and *Tegue* O *Devilly*.

Tom Sha. What's the Matter? [*Thunder softly here.*

Priest. Phaat is de matter, Joy?

Sir *Tim.* O Nuncle! here have been Devils and Witches: they are flown away with our Candles, and put us in fear of our lives. [*Thunder and Lighten.*

Tom Sha. Here's a great Storm arising——what can be the matter? the Haggs are at Wark by'r Lady; and they come to me by th' mass, I ha gotten my brawd Sward: Ayst mow 'em down, ged faith will I.

Priest.

Prieſt. Be not afraid, I vill taake a Caare, and I will conjure down this Tempeſt, fait an bee. [*Thunders.*

Tom. Sha. Fleſh, that Thunder-clap ſhook the Hauſe, Candle burns blue too.

Sir *Tim.* Death, it goes out, what will become of us?

Tom. Sha. An the Witches come, by'r Lady ayſt now 'em down with my brawd Sward I warrant o'.——I have ſhot one Witch flying too Neeght allready.

Enter *M. Hargrave*, *M. Madge*, and two Witches more; they Mew, and ſpit like Cats, and fly at 'em, and ſcratch 'em.

Yo. *Har.* What's this? we are ſet upon by Cats.

Sir *Tim.* They are Witches in the ſhape of Cats, what ſhall we do?

Prieſt. Phaat will I do? Cat, Cat, Cat, Oh, oh.

Conjuro vos, fugite, fugite, Catodæmones; Cats, Cats. { *They Scratch all their Faces 'till the Blood runs about 'em.*

Tom. Sha. Have at ye all. I ha' [*He cuts at them.*

Mauld ſome of 'em by th' Mals, they are fled, but I am plaguily ſcratcht. { *The Witches ſhriek and run away.*

Prieſt. Dey were afraid of my Charmes, and de ſign of de Croſs did make dem fly——but dey have ſcratcht a great deal upon my faaſh, for all daat.

Yo. *Har.* Mine is all of a gore Bloud.

Sir *Tim.* And mine too——that theſe damn'd Witches ſhould disfigure my Countenance upon my Wedding Day?

Yo. *Har.* O Lord, what a Tempeſt's this? [*Thunder.*

Enter Sir Jeffery *with a Light.*

Sir *Jeff.* Heaven! what a Storm is this! The Witches and all their Imps are at Work. Who are theſe? Hah!——your Faces are all bloudy.

Sir *Tim.* We have been frighted out of our Wits; we have been aſſaulted by Witches in the ſhape of Cats, and they have ſcratcht us moſt ruefully.

Prieſt. But I did fright dem away, by my Shoule.

Sir *Jeff.* Why, you are as much mauld as any one; nay, they are at Work.—— I never remembred ſuch Thunder and Lightning; bid 'em ring out all the Bells at the Church.

Prieſt. I vill * Baptize all your Bells for you Joy, and then they will ſtop the Tempeſt indeed, and not before, I tell you; oh, Baptize Bells are braave things, fait.

* *Wier. præſt. Dam. lib.* 1. *pag.* 43. and 44. ſhows, that it is the opinion of Papiſts, that Baptized Bells will drive away Tempeſts, ſee alſo *Guacc. compend. maleficarum. lib.* 3. *cap.* 6.

Tom. Sha. Fleſh, Chriſten Bells!

Sir *Tim.* Yes, I believe the great Bell at *Oxford* was Chriſten'd *Tom.*

Yo. *Har.* And that at *Lincoln* has a Chriſten name too.

Prieſt. I tell de Joy, I vill caarry de hoſht and ſhome reliques abroad, and we vill get a black Chicken, and maak one of de Vitches throw it into de Aire, and it vill maak ſtop upon de Tempeſt.

Sir *Jeff.* Why, all the Authors ſay, * ſacrificing a black Chicken ſo, will raiſe a Tempeſt.

* *Nider in formicario* cites this from a Judge, who had it from the Confeſſion of a Witch, *cap.* 4.

Tom. Sha. What's here, a haund! uds Fleſh, you ſee I have cut off a haund of one of the Haggs.

Sir

Sir *Jeff.* Let's see, this is a lucky Evidence; keep it and see what Witch it will fit, and 'tis enough to hang her.

Priest. The Storm begins to stay, I did say some Ayes, and part of de Gospel of St. *John*, and in fine, *fugiat Tempestas*, and it does go away upon it indeed.

Tom. Sha. We may trace her by her Blood.

Sir *Tim.* But hark you what's the reason my Hawks wanted their Pidgeon's? uds bud I shall remember you for it; you think to live like a Lubber here, and doe nothing.

Tom. Sha. Peace, I was drunken. Peace, good Sir *Timothy*, Ay'st doe no more so.

Sir *Jeff.* Methinks all on a sudden the Storm is laid.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Constable and the rest of us have taken the whole flock of Witches: but they fell upon us like Cats first; but we have beaten 'em into Witches, and now we have 'em fast.

Sir *Jeff.* So now, their Power's gone when they are taken, let's go see 'em.

Yo. *Har.* I'll wash my Face and away a Hawking, now the storm's over, 'tis broad day.

Sir *Tim.* I will call up Sir *Edward*'s Musick, and wake the two Brides with a Serenade this Morning. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Sir Edward *and his Man with a Light.*

Sir *Edw.* It has been a dreadful Storm, and strangely laid o'th sudden, this is a joyfull day to me: I am now in Hopes to strengthen and preserve my Family—my poor Daughter has the worst on't, but she is discreet; and will mould Sir *Timothy* to what he pleases if she is good natur'd, and he loves her, and his Estate's beyond Exception.---Go call my Son to me, bid him rise, 'tis day, put out the Candle now. [*Ex. Servant.*

This Son, I out of Duty must provide for; for there's a Duty from a Father to make what he begets as happy as he can; and yet this Fool makes me as unhappy as he can; but that I call Philosophy to my aid, I could not bear him.

Enter Young Hartford *and Servant.*

How now, your Face scratcht! what were you drunk last night, and have been at Cuffs?

Yo. *Har.* No, Sir *Timothy*, I, and *Teague O Divelly*, and *Tom Schacklehead* were assaulted by Witches in the Shape of Cats; and *Tom Shacklehead* has cut off one of the Cats Hands; and all the Witches are taken, and are in the Stable under a strong Guard.

Sir *Edw.* What foolish wild story is this; you have been drunk in Ale, that makes such Foggy Dreams.

Yo. *Har.* 'S bud, Sir, the story is true, you'll find it so.

Sir *Edw.* How now! what makes you booted upon your wedding-day?

Yo. *Har.* Why, I am going a Hawking this Morning; and I'll come home time enough to be marry'd.

Sir *Edw.* Thou most incorrigible Ass, whom no precept or example can teach common sense to, that would have made thee full of Joy at thy approaching happiness, it would have fill'd thy Mind, there could have been no room for any other object; to have a good Estate settled upon thee, and to be marryed to a Woman of that Beauty, and that Wit and Wisdom, I have not known her equal, would have

have transported any one but such a Clod of Earth as thou art; thou art an Excrement broken from me, not my Son.

Yo. *Har.* Why Sir, I am transported; but can't one be transported with Hawking too? I love it, as I love my Life, would you have a Gentleman neglect his Sports?

Sir *Edw.* None but the vilest Men will make their sports their business; their Books, their Friends, their Kindred and their Country should concern 'em: such drones serve not the ends of their Creation, and should be lopt off from the rest of Men.

Yo. *Har.* A Man had better dye than leave his Sport; tell me of Books? I think there's nothing in 'em for my Part; and for Musick I had as live sit in the Stocks, as here your fine Songs; I love a Bagpipe well enough, but there's no Musick like a deep Mouth'd Hound.

Sir *Edw.* Thou most excessive Block-head, thou art enough to imbitter all my sweets; thou art a Wen belonging to me, and I shall do well to cut thee off; but do you hear Fool, go and dress your self, and wait upon your Bride, or by Heaven I will disinherit you. This is the Critical day, on which your happiness or misery depends; think on that. [*Ex.* Sir *Edward.*

Yo. *Har.* Was ever so deviliſh a Father to make one neglect one's sport, because he's no sport's-man himself; A Pox on Marrying, could not I Hawk and Marry too? well I am resolv'd I'll steal out after I am Marry'd.

Enter Sir *Timothy* and Musick.

Sir *Tim.* Come on. Place your selves just by her Chamber, and play—and sing that Song I love so well.

Song.

My Dear, my Sweet, and most delicious Bride,
Awake, and see thine own Dear waiting at the Door;
Surely she cannot sleep for thinking of me, poor Rogue.

Isabella above. { Who's this disturbs my Rest! is it thou? I thought 'twas some Impertinent Coxcomb or other; dost thou hear, carry away that scurvy Face from me, as soon as possibly thou canst.

Sir *Tim.* Well, you have a pleasant way with you, you'l never leave your pretty humours, I see that.

Isab. Ha! Thou hast been scratcing with Wenches, was not thy face ugly enough but thou must disfigure it more than Nature has done? one would have thought that had don't enough.

Sir *Tim.* Faith thou art a pretty Wag, thou'lt never leave thy Roguery; Wenches, why 'twas done by Witches, who in the shape of Cats, had like to have kill'd us: Your Brother, my Unckle, and the Irish Man, are all as bad as I.

Isab. Prithee begon, and mend thy Face; I cannot bear it.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, ay; it's no matter, I'll come into thy Chamber, I must be familiar with you——

Isab. And I will be very free with you; you are a Nauseous Fool, and you shall never come into my Chamber. S'life, would you begin your Reign before you are Mary'd? no, I'll dominere now——begon. [*Ex. Isabella.*

Sir *Tim.* Nay, faith; I'll not leave you so, you little cross Rogue you; open the dore there, let me in, let me in, I say. [Theodosia *comes out in a Witches habit and a vizor.*

Theo. Who's that? Thou art my Love, come into my Arms.

Sir *Tim.* Oh the Witch! the Witch! help, help. [*He runs out*, Theodosia *retires.*

Enter Sir *Jeffery*, *Lady*, *Teague* O *Divelly*, *Tom. Shacklehead*, *Clod.* and Sir *Jeffery*'s Clark.

Sir *Jeff.* So, now thou art come, my Dear, I'll dispatch the Witches, they are all taken and Guarded in the Stable: *Clod*, bid 'em bring 'em all hither.

La. *Sha.* That's well, are they caught? let 'em come before us, we will order 'em.

Sir *Jeff.* I would do nothing without thee my Dear.

Priest. Here *Lady*, Taake some 1. Conjur'd shalt and put upon dee and palme, and shome Holy-wax daat I did bring for dish occasion, and de Witches will not hurt dy Laadyship.

La. *Sha.* Thank you Sir.

Priest. I did give dy Husband shome before Joy, but I will speak a word unto you all, let every one 2 spit three times upon deir Boshomes, and Cross demselves, it is brave upon dis occaasion.

Sir *Jeff.* It shall be done. [*They all do it.*

Priest. Daat is very well now.

Let no Vitch 3. touch no part about you, and let 'em come vid deir Arshes before deir Faashes, phen dey come to Confession or Examinaation. We have eye-biting Witches in *Eerland*, that kill vid deir Countenance.

Sir *Jeff.* This a very Learned and Wise Man.

La. *Sha.* He is a great Man indeed, we are nothing to him.

Priest. You vill shee now, now I will speak unto dem, here dey come; I shay bring their Arshes before deir Faashes.

They enter with the Witches.

Tom. Sha. Bring 'em backward, thus.

Sir *Jeff.* You *Clod*, and you *Tom Shacklehead* have sworn sufficiently against the Witch *Spencer*, and so has that Country Fellow.

M. Spencer. I am an Innocent Woman, and they have broken my Arm with a shot, Rogues, Villains, Murderers.

Priest. Dey are angry, daat is a certain sign of a Vitch; and dey cannot cry, daat is another shigne; look to 'em dey do not put spittle upon deir Faashes to maake beliefe daat do weep: Yet *Bodin* dosh shay, daat a Vitch can cry three drops vid ber right Eye, I tell you.

Sir *Jeff.* Have you searcht 'em all as I bid you Woman?

Woman. Yes, an't please your Worship, and they have all great Biggs and Treats in many parts, except Mother *Madge*, and hers are but small ones.

La. *Sha.* It is enough, make their *Mittimus*, and send 'em all to Gaol.

Witches. I am innocent, I am innocent.
Save my Life, I am no Witch,
I am innocent, save my Life.

Priest. Ven dey do shey dey are innocent, and desire to shave deir Lives, 'tis a shertain shigne of a Vitch, fait and trot.

Woman. Besides, this Woman, *Margaret Demdike* by name, threatn'd to be revenged on me, and my Cow has been suckt dry ever since, and my Child has had fits.

M. Demd. She lies, she lies, I am innocent.

Tom.

Tom. Sha. This is she that had a haund cut off, it fits her to a hair.

Sir *Jeff.* 'Tis enough: 'Tis enough.

M. Harg. Must I be hang'd for having my Hand cut off? I am innocent, I am innocent.

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1. *Mall. Malef. Institor Springer*, Part. 3. Quæst. 15. A caution to the Judges, *Secum deferant sal exorcizatum in Dominica die palmarum & herbas benedictas: Hæ enim res insimul cum cera benedicta involuta & in collo deportatæ, &c. miram habent efficaciam, &c.* [I have made my *Irish* Man translate the *Latin* false on purpose.] 2. For spitting in their Bosomes, see *Tibullus, Eleg* 2. *Ter Cano, ter dictis despue carminibus.*] And in *Eleg.* 1. *Despuit in malles & sibi quisque sinus.* This *Theocritus* mentions, ὡς μὴ βασκανθῶ τρὶς ἐς ἐμὸν ἔκπτυσα κόλπον, And several other Authors, particularly *Theoprastus libro de characterismis*, speaking of superstitious Persons, μαινόμενόν τε ἰδὼν ἢ ἐπίληπτον φείξας εἰς κόλπον πτύσας, for they thought they that were mad or had the Falling-sickness, were possessed with Devils. 3. *Mall. Malef.* part. 3. Quest. 15. *Non permittant se ab ea tangi corporaliter. Id. Ibid. Et si commode fieri potest, ipsa à tergo deorsum vertendo ad Judices & assessores introducator.* 4. *Bodin* and several Authors mention this; but *Mal. Malef.* particularly, Part 3. Quæst. 15. pag. 557. *Hoc enim pro certissimo signo*, &c. *quòd etiamsi ad Lacrymandum conjurationibus horterur aliqua & compellatur*, (and the Inquisitors have an Office for this, as you will see in the *Flagellum dæmonum per Fr. Feron. Mouguem.* in the 2. *Tome* of *Mal. Malef.*) *sed si Malefica existit, Lachrymas emittere non potest, dabit quidem flebiles & exsputa genas & oculos linire*, &c. Having of Biggs and Teats all modern Witchmongers in *England* affirm. The cutting off the Hand is an old Story.

Constab. Did not you say to my Wife, you would be reveng'd on me? and has not she been struck with Pain in her Rump-bone ever since? and did not my Sow cast her farrow last Night.

Harg. You should send your Brother to Gaol for cutting my Hand off.

Tom. Sha. What for cutting a Cat's Hand off? you were a Cat when I cut it off.

Tho. o Georges. An't please your Worship, this Woman, Garret *Dikinson*, who threped and threped, and aw to becaw'd me last Night i'th' lone, and who said he would be reveng'd on me; and this Morning at four a Clock Butter would not come, nor the Ale warck a bit, who has bewitcht it.

Sir *Jeff.* I have heard enough, send 'em all to the Gaol.

La. *Sha.* You must never give a Witch any Milk, Butter, Cheese, or any thing that comes from the Cows.

Priest. Now dou damn'd Vitch, I vill be after sheeing dee hang'd indeed, I did taake her by my shoule——

Dick. I am a poor innocent Woman, I am abused, and I am his Wife an't please your Worship: He had knowledge of me in a Room in the Gallery, and did promise me Marriage.

Sir *Jeff.* Ha! What's this?

Priest. By my shalvaation I am innocen t as de Child unborn, I speak it before Heav'n, I did never make fornicaation in my Life.

Aside. Vid my Nostrills; dere is mental reservaation. I am too subtil for dem indeed gra. *To them.* It is Malice upon me.

La. *Sha.* There is something in this story, but I dare not speak of it.

Sir *Jeff.* I do believe you, Mr. O *Devilly.*

Dicken. Besides, he is a Popish Priest.

Priest. Aboo, boo, boo, a *Priest*! I vill taak de Oades Fait and trot; I did never taake Holy Orders since I was bore.

Aside. In *Jamaica.* Dere is another Mental reservation too; and it is Lawfull.

Constab. Indeed Sir, I have been told he is a Popish Priest, and has been at *Rome.*

Priest. I speak it in de Presence of all de Saints, dast I did never see *Rome,* in all my Life. *Aside.* Vid de Eyes of a Lyon. Dere was another by my shoule.

Sir *Jeff.* Take away the Witches, there is their *Mittimus,* carry 'em all to *Lancaster.*

Witches, I am innocent, I am innocent.

Constab. Come on, you Haggs; now your Master the Devil has left you.

[*Ex. Const.* and *Witches.*

Sir *Jeff.* Sir, you must excuse me; I must give you the Oaths upon this Information.

Priest. And by my shoule, Joy, I vill taak dem, and *twenty* or *thirty* more Oades if dou dosht please indeed, I vill take 'em all to serve dee, Fait and Trot.

Sir *Jeff.* Come into the Hall, there's the Statute Book.

La. *Sha.* I will go in and see if the Brides be ready.

Enter Sir *Edward, Bellfort* and *Doubty.*

Sir *Edw.* Gentlemen, this day I am to do the great Duty of a Father in providing for the settlement of my Children; this day we will dedicate to Mirth, I hope you will partake with me in my Joy.

Bell. I should have had a greater share in any Joy that could affect so worthy a Man, had not your Daughter been the onely Person, I ever saw, whom I could have fixt my Love upon: But I am unhappy that I had not the Honour to know you till it was too late.

Sir *Edw.* This had been a great Honour to me, and my Daughter, and I am sorry I did not know it sooner, and assure you it is some trouble upon me.

Doubt. How like a Gentleman he takes it! but I have an Ass, Nay, two deal with

Enter *Lady Shacklehead,* and *Isabella,* and *Theodosia.*

La. *Sha.* Good morrow, Brother, our brace of Brides are ready, where are the lusty Bridegrooms?

Sir *Edw.* Heav'n grant this may prove a happy day.

La. *Sha.* Mr. *Doubty,* was ever such an unlucky Night as we have had?

Doubt. 'Tis happy to me, who was assur'd of the Love of one I love much more than all the Joys on Earth.

La. *Sha.* Now you make me blush, I swear it is a little too much.

Bell. Ladies, I wish you much joy of this day.

Doubt. Much Happiness to you.

Enter Sir *Jeffery,* and *Tegue* O *Devilly.*

Sir *Jeff.* Brother, good Morrow to you; this is a happy day, our Families will soon be one: I have sent all the Witches to the Goal.

Sir *Edw.* Had you Evidence enough?

Sir *Jeff.* Ay, too much; this Gentleman was accused for being a Papist, and a Priest, and I have given him the Oaths, and my Certificate, and on my Conscience he is a very good Protestant.

Priest. It is no matter, I did taak de Oades, and I am a very good Protestant upon occaasion, Fait.

Sir Edw. *Say you so? between you and I, how many Sacraments are there?*

Prieſt. *How many? by my ſhoule dere are ſheven; how many would dere be tink you Hoh? by my ſhoule I have a diſpenſaation, indeed I am too cunning for 'em, fait I am.* [Aſide.

Sir *Edw.* So here are the Bridegrooms.

Enter Sir *Timothy*, and Yo. *Hartfort*, *Servant.*

Sir *Tim.* Oh my Dear pretty Bride, let me kiſs thy hand, how joyful am I, that I ſhall have my Dear within theſe armes! ah! now the little Rogue can ſmile upon me.

Yo. *Har.* Couſin, good morrow to you, I am glad to ſee you, how do you do this Morning?

Theo. Never better.

Yo. *Har.* God be thanked, I am very glad on't.

Sir *Edw.* Is not the Parſon come yet?

Serv. Yes Sir, he is very buſy at his Breakfaſt in the buttery: And as ſoon as he has finiſht his Pipe and his Tankard——he will wait on you: he has Marry'd one Cupple already, The *Chaplain* and Mrs. *Suſan.*

Sir *Edw.* How.

Serv. 'Tis true.

Sir *Edw.* I am ſorry for't, that *Chaplain* is a Raſcal —— I have found him out, and will turn him away——

Enter another *Servant.*

Serv. Sir, here are ſome of your Tenants and Country-men come to be merry with you, and have brought their Piper and deſire to daunce before you.

Enter ſeveral *Tenants*, and *Country Fellows.*

Tenants. We are come to wiſh your worſhip, my Young Maſter and Lady Joy of this happy day.

Sir *Edw.* You are kindly welcome, Neighbours; this is happineſs indeed, to ſee my Friends, and all my loving Neighbours thus about me.

All. Heavens bleſs your good Worſhip.

Sir *Edw.* Theſe honeſt men are the ſtrength and ſinews of our Contrey; ſuch men as theſe are uncorrupted, and while they ſtand to us we fear no Papiſts, nor *French* invaſion; this day we will be merry together.

Clod. Ayſt make bold to daunce for joy.

Sir *Edw.* Prethee do —— [*Clod. Dances.*

Go bid the Parſon come in, we will diſpatch this buſineſs here before you all.

Iſab. Hold, there needs no Parſon.

Sir *Edw.* What ſay you?

Sir *Jeff.* How!

Iſab. We are Marry'd already, and deſire your bleſſing.

Sir. *Edw.* It is impoſſible. [*Bell. Doubt. Iſab. and Theo. kneel.*

La. *Sha.* Heav'n! what's this I ſee?

Sir *Jeff.* Thieves! Robbers! Murderers of my honour, I'll hang that Fellow.

Sir *Edw.* What pageantry is this? explain your ſelf.

Sir *Tim.* What a Devil do they mean now?

Bell. The truth is Sir, we are Marry'd; we found you Fathers were too far ingag'd to break off: Love forced us to this way, and nothing elſe can be a fit excuſe.

Doubt.

Doubt. We have defined this ever since last Summer, and any other but a private way, had certainly prevented it. Let excess of Love excuse our fault. Sir *Jeffery*, I will exceed what settlement was made upon your Daughter.

Bell. And I will, Sir, do the same Right to yours.

Sir *Jeff.* Flesh and Heart——I'll Murder her.

Doubt. Hold Sir; she is mine now; I beseech you moderate your passion.

La. *Sha.* Oh vile Creature; I'll tear her Eyes out.

Doubt. Forbear, good Madam: What cannot be redrest must be past by——

La. *Sha.* Thou worst of Thieves, thou knowest I can ne're pass it by.

Sir *Jeff.* Sir *Edward*, you may do what you will, but I'll go in and meditate revenge.

La. *Sha.* And I —— [*Ex.* Sir *Jeffery* and *Lady.*

Sir *Tim.* Hold, hold me, I am bloody minded, and shall commit Murder else; my honour, my honour, I must kill him; hold me fast, or I shall kill him.

Yo. *Har.* For my part Cousin, I wish you Joy, for I am resolved to hunt and hawk, and course as long as I live ——

Sir *Tim.* Cruel Woman, I did not think you would have serv'd me so; I shall run mad, and hang my self, and walk.

Priest. Now phaat is de soleedity of all dish — phy all ish paasht, and what vill you say now? You must taak shome Consolaation unto you —— Dou must Fornicaate vid dy Moders Maid-sharvants; and daat is all one by my shoule.

Sir *Edw.* Hold, Gentleman, who Marry'd you?

Bell. This Gentleman, who is under his gray Coat, my Parson.

Sir *Edw.* 'Tis something unhospitable.

Bell. I hope Sir, you'll not have cause to repent it; had there been any other way for me to have escap't perpetual misery, I had not taken this.

Sir *Edw.* But you Sir have most Injur'd me.

Doubt. I beg a Thousand pardons, Tho' I must have perisht if I had not done it.

Theo. It is no injury Sir, I never could have lov'd your Son; we must have been unhapyy.

Isab. And I had been miserable with Sir *Timothy.*

Yo. *Har.* To say truth, I did not much care for her neither, I had rather not marry.

Sir *Edw.* Eternal Blockhead! I will have other means to preserve my Name: Gentlemen, you are men of ample Fortunes and worthy Families——Sir, I wish you happiness with my Daughter, take her.

Boll. You have given me more than my own Father did, than life and fortune.

Isab. You are the best of Fathers, and of Men.

Sir *Edw.* I will endeavour to appease Sir *Jeffery* and my *Lady.*

Doubty. You are Generous beyond expression, Sir.

Enter Chaplain and Susan.

Chaplain. Sir, I hope your Worstip will pardon me, I am Marry'd to Mrs. *Susan.*

Sir *Edw.* You are a Villain, that has made love to my Daughter, and corrupted my Son.

Chap. Have they told all, I am ruin'd? good Sir, continue me your Chaplain, and I will Do and Preach whatever you command me.

Sir *Edw.* I'll not have a Divine with so flexible a Conscience, there shall be no such Vipers in my Family; I will take care you never shall have Orders. But she has-

serv'd

ſerv'd me well, and I will give her a Farm of 40. *l per annum* to Plow: Go Sir, it was an Office you were born to.

Prieſt. Did I not bid de Fornicaate? and dou didſt Marry Joy; if dou hadſt not maade Marriage, I vould have maad dee a Catholick, and preferred dee to Saint *Omers, Dey ſhould have bred dee for one of deir Witneſſes, fait.*

Enter a *Meſſenger.*

Meſſ. I muſt beg your pardon Sir, I have a warrant againſt this *Kelly, Alias Tegue O Divelly* —he is accus'd for being in the Plot.

Sir *Edw.* My houſe is no refuge for Traytors, Sir.

Prieſt. Aboo, boo, boo! by my ſhalvaation dere is no Plot, and I vill not go vid you. Dou art a damn'd Fanaatick, if dou doſht ſhay dere is a Plot. Dou art a Preſbyterian Dogg.

Meſſ. No ſtriving, come along with me:

Prieſt. Phaat vill I do: I am Innocent as de Child dat it is to be born; and if they vill hang me, I vill be a ſhaint indeed. *My hanging Speech was made for me long a go by de Jeſuits, and I have it ready, and I vill live and dy by it, by my ſhoule.*

Meſſ. Gentlemen, I charge you in the King's Name aſſiſt me.

Sir *Edw.* Come Gentlemen, I wiſh you both the Happineſs you deſerve.
How ſhallow is our Foreſight and our Prudence!
Be ne're ſo wiſe, deſign what e'er we will,
There is a Fate that over-rules us ſtill.

FINIS.

MI - 1994

EPILOGUE,

By Mrs. BARRY and TEGUE.

Mrs. Barry. *A Scilful Miſtreſs uſes wondrous art,*
To keep a peeviſh crazy Lover's Heart.
His awkard Limbs forgetful of Delights,
Muſt be urged on by Tricks and Painful Nights.
Which the poor Creature is content to bear,
Fine Manteau's and new Petticoats to wear.
And Sirs, your ſickly Appetites to raiſe,
The ſtarving Players try a thouſand ways,
You had a Spaniſh Fryar *of Intrigue,*
And now we have preſented you a Tegue;
Which with much coſt from Ireland *we have got,*
If he be dull, en'e hang him for the Plot.

Tegue. *Now have a care, for by my Shoul Shalvaation,*
Diſh vill offend a Party in de Naation.

Mrs. Barry. *They that are angry muſt be very Beaſts,*
For all Religions laugh at fooliſh Prieſts.

Tegue. *By Creeſh, I ſwear, de Poet has undone me,*
Some ſimple Tory *vill maak beat upon me.*

Mrs. Barry. *Good Proteſtants, I hope you will not ſee,*
A Martyr made of our poor Tony Leigh.
Our Popes and Fryars on one ſide offend,
And yet alaſs the City's not our Friend:
The City neither like us nor our Wit,
They ſay their Wives learn * ogling *in the Pit.*
They'r from the Boxes taught to make advances,
To anſwers ſtolen Sighs and naughty Glances.
We vertuous Ladys ſome new ways muſt ſeek,
For all conſpire our playing Trade to break.
If the bold Poet freely ſhows his Vein,
In every Place the ſnarling Fops complain;
Of your groſs Follies, if you will not hear,
With inoffenſive Nonſence you muſt bear.
You, like the Husband, never ſhall receive
Half the delight the ſportfull Wife can give.
A Poet dares not whip this fooliſh Age,
You cannot bear the Phyſick of the Stage.

* A fooliſh Word among the Canters for glancing.